

# APOLLO

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# APOLLO

## A JOURNAL OF THE ARTS

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# MR. FRANK STOOP'S MODERN PICTURES

By J. B. MANSON

ONE striking peculiarity of the attitude of its admirers towards modern art is a lack of all discrimination.

Once a painter is accepted, the whole of his work—good, bad, and indifferent—is accepted with him. This is perhaps natural, for modern art, notwithstanding the assurance of its promoters, is still in the making. Its achievement, portentous and imposing as it may seem, still has to be sifted.

A more real understanding of intention and of quality, as modified by new thought, has to be reached before those special examples can be selected which are worthy of the fullness of the praise which is now, within those inner circles, paid to all of them.

Mr. Frank Stoop, one may say, is distinguished by his discrimination—a sense of the essentially fine, of the truly characteristic, which amounts almost to an instinct.

This quality has operated with equal effect in his taste for Old Masters and in his choice of modern painters. In the former case the ground may be firmer, but the need for discrimination even greater. For while it may be safe to buy, without fear of controversy, almost any Old Master, it is, perhaps, for that very reason more difficult to select the fruit of a moment when the particular master was specially excellent. Safety first is not necessarily the wisest rule in the traffic of picture collecting. Indeed, were it so, there would be no modern collections.

With the modern painters the only course is the path of conviction. The collector has to decide before popular approval has sealed the object of his choice. And Mr. Stoop has his

convictions no less than his fine sense of discrimination. So his collection is small but choice, chosen in response to some inner impulse. He has collected works of art and not reputations. Some of them were acquired before fashion had made the painters seem desirable.

Mr. Stoop's Old Masters are well known; his modern painters cover a certain province—that side of modern production which is of the lighter and fairer kind, which derives from impressionism, and hardly at all

that heavier and solidier sort of modern realism whose ancestor was Courbet. So one finds examples of Cézanne, Degas, Matisse, Picasso, and Van Gogh, and not Segonzac, Marchand, and Derain—in every case varying, of course, in importance and intensity, represented by some special example; a moment of special fineness



STILL-LIFE DESIGN

By Georges Braque

At the National Gallery, Millbank

when the artist was peculiarly himself or was moved by some definite impression.

The admirable example of Georges Braque, the still-life design which is now, through Mr. Stoop's generosity, in the Tate Gallery, may be included, for until quite recently it belonged exclusively to Mr. Stoop. Braque is almost the only artist who has come out of cubism; that is to say, the only painter who has distilled from that movement a real means of expression.

This picture may be seen by anybody, and as it is generally misunderstood, and usually dismissed with a gesture of contempt, it is worth some consideration. The mistake that is usually made is to regard the painting primarily as a form of natural representation.

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SKETCH BY PICASSO

*In Mr. Stoop's collection*

This picture is an emotional expression, although it is so carefully planned that every part, every line, every tone, is essential to the design; nothing can be subtracted without loss to the whole. The objects that are used in the composition of the picture do not matter as natural objects. The common criticism that the drawing is distorted is irrelevant in this case because, although it is inevitable to some extent, natural representation is not the artist's chief purpose.

The colour-scheme which is unusual and quite personal is also essential to the design. Any change in the colour would be a change in the quality of the artist's thought. The scheme is a simple one: black, black-grey, brown, white, yellow-grey, and green. The green forms the climax both as colour and as decoration, for it is expressed as a formal sprig of a tree which gives it a certain elaborately decorative use in contrast with the other larger and less concentrated forms.

The design moves, as it were, from the left, from very sombre tones of colour enlivened by

a patch of white (the highest light in the picture) which emphasizes the line of the table. It proceeds by advancing forms, with occasional re-entrance, to a climax on the right.

The objects are: a mandolin, an earthenware ewer, two peaches on a white cloth, and a green sprig.

They have no separate identity and no separate value in the picture; their value lies in the use the artist has made of them. Every line and shape in the composition must be considered in relation with every other line and shape. Remove any part and the whole is essentially weakened if it does not actually fall to pieces.

There is also a relationship of volumes and, in this case, it is so harmonious as to produce a certain feeling of satisfaction.

In regard to the question of distortion, the shape of the mandolin, for example, is altered, but not flippantly (as is the case with the



SKETCH BY HENRI MATISSE

*In Mr. Stoop's collection*

## Mr. Frank Stoop's Modern Pictures

imitators of Braque), but from the exigency of the design.

Blot out the white line round the upper part of the ewer, which has no actuality in Nature, and the design loses at once in vitality and in expressiveness. The arbitrary arrangement of the shadow on the ewer plays an essential part in the design. If it had been

spaces with agreeable effect and avoidance of monotony.

This painting is one of the most successful attempts to produce a picture which shall be complete in itself (like a piece of music) without any essential need of reference back to Nature.

It is an interesting experiment; it may be too intellectual to be a genuine work of art;



SKETCH BY HENRI MATISSE

*In Mr. Stoop's collection*

painted, as seen in Nature merging, through half-tones into the light, it would not only have been formally useless, it would actually have been a false note.

The general interest is enhanced by the spotted treatment of the grey tone in the top left-hand corner and the marble effect in the spaces at the bottom of the canvas; these broken-up passages contrast with the plain

it is doubtful whether it can communicate emotion without involving, in the process, too many intellectual experiences.

There is, in Mr. Stoop's collection, a very rare example of the art of Matisse which has a fundamental relationship with Braque's still-life, and forms an interesting contrast to it. It has a similar purpose: the expression of emotion in a crystalline form as a design (of lines, forms,



FLOWER STUDY

*In Mr. Stoop's collection*

*By H. Fantin-Latour*

and colours) that is complete in itself. But the starting-point is quite different. With the Braque (although the original emotion is preserved) the method is intellectual; with the Matisse it is purely emotional. The qualities in all Matisse's work have become almost instinctive; his pictures are not always successful, but at times he attains perfect expression.

In the "Landscape" (reproduced here in colour) he has been particularly successful. The design, which is extremely simple and perfectly harmonious in the relations of lines and masses, is achieved by elimination and without distortion. It appears to be spontaneous, and appreciation involves no tortuous intellectual processes. It is the rhythmical



*Mr. Frank Stoop's Modern Pictures*



PORTRAIT OF A GIRL

*In Mr. Stoop's collection*

*By Modigliani*

expression of emotion (Mr. Konody's definition), which is what art must be. For these reasons Matisse is a greater artist than Braque, though not necessarily a greater designer.

The kinship of the picture with old Chinese art is interesting.

French impressionism is not definitely represented in the collection; there are no pictures by any of its masters. Mr. Stoop is more interested in the later developments.

That movement had an effect similar to that of opening a gate and releasing a host of youthful spirits, and it is their adventures in this wider sphere which may be said to be represented here.

It has not resulted in a definite school, but in many distinguished artists—painters who definitely derive from impressionism, but are not bound by any definite tenets.

Degas might be considered the Old Master

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LANDSCAPE

*In Mr. Stoop's collection*

*By Van Gogh*

of Mr. Stoop's modern collection. He appears there in a work of his last period, an exceptionally fine pastel—a "Baigneuse." It is one of the master's lighter moods, at one of those rarer moments when he became almost a pure impressionist; it is gay in colour and exceptionally free in handling. And it has a basis of the strictest drawing and that richness of pattern and design combined which was one of his most valuable qualities, but which was not characteristic of impressionist work. Although he never joined the movement, Degas had the greatest sympathy with its aims, but he recognized the limitations that definite announcement of faith imposed upon an artist. In this he differed from Cézanne, who had not hesitated to publish his intentions; it may have been Cézanne's self-consciousness about the matter that at times arrested his artistic expression. Mr. Stoop appears to like his Cézanne before the work is pushed to the utmost completion. Both his paintings, "The Gardener" and "Still-life," are unfinished. But Cézanne's work had this characteristic: that at whatever stage it is at, it appears to be complete. And certainly it is fascinating in its unfinished state when the method is revealed in unpretentious freshness.

This is as it should be, since technique is an inseparable part of intuition and not, as academies seem

to think, a definite method that is learnt by rote and applied mechanically. With Cézanne every stage in the progress of a picture is expression, not so full nor so complete as the final stage, but sometimes even more attractive. "The Gardener" seems to be as complete as it need be. If he had told us more psychologically about the gardener it might have been at the cost of something of the beautiful clarity of his expression. Cézanne was not an easy painter. His gifts did not always serve him. His truly subtle perception of colour values was the essence of his expression. But he was sometimes so lost in the interest of it that he forgot it was a means and not an end.

The unfinished "Still-life" belonging to Mr. Stoop is an instance of the quality of appearing complete enough. The design in this picture is sketched in and some of the objects are finished, but the greater part of the canvas is untouched, yet so beautifully true are the tones of colour that the whole thing appears satisfactorily complete. Yet, in this case, it would no doubt have been even finer if completed, because that would have involved nothing outside of Cézanne's intention.

The "Portrait of a Girl" by Modigliani, which is one of Mr. Stoop's more recent acquisitions, is an unusually warm-hearted example of that strange artist's work. One uses that adjective advisedly, not because Modigliani was a cold painter, but because there often seems to be a certain aloofness in his attitude towards his subject. In this



LANDSCAPE

*In Mr. Stoop's collection*

*By Van Gogh*







## Mr. Frank Stoop's Modern Pictures

portrait, which has a delightfully warm harmony—a crimson-brown background and an almost orange flesh colour—he seems to be less objective and so the distortion in it (the characteristically long neck), is felt more as a personal expression and less as a misrepresentation of Nature.

It is *démodé* to admire the paintings of Picasso's "blue period," yet it is possible that the works of that time will be considered the purest as art. An artist of Picasso's lively invention could not be expected to rest content with repetition—all wells are not inexhaustible—and invention sometimes takes the place of

conviction. Also the final verdict may not come from the Rue de la Boétie. There is a lovely "blue" girl in this collection. The Van Goghs, so full of vitality and freshness, are probably well known. The "View at Auvers" was on loan at the Dutch Exhibition at Burlington House.

It is not possible nor intended to refer to all the works in Mr. Stoop's collection. There are some fine drawings and smaller paintings by Fantin-Latour, Marie Laurencin, Van Gogh, Matisse, Braque, etc., but the description of some of the more important pictures may give a slight idea of the quality of the collection.

## ENGLISH CHURCH FONTS OF ORNAMENTAL LEAD WORK

By BRIAN C. CLAYTON



FONT AT  
LOWER HALSTOW

A MINOR branch of the medieval metalworker's art is represented by the ornamental lead fonts which are to be found, here and there, in old churches in different parts of the country. They are not numerous; but about thirty specimens are known, of which number Gloucestershire can claim nearly a third, while a group of five is to be found in the Vale of the White Horse, the remainder being scattered over a wide area between Derbyshire and the

South Coast. No doubt many others have disappeared in the course of years through being melted down—intentionally, either for conversion into bullets in time of civil strife, or simply because the high intrinsic value of their material proved too great a temptation to the authorities at a time when such objects were little appreciated; or, accidentally, through the destruction by fire of the buildings housing them.

The recent discovery of the fine example at Lower Halstow (Kent), under somewhat

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FONT AT DORCHESTER

romantic circumstances, suggests a possibility that the so far unsuspected existence of others may be the cause of increase to the number in the future. Prior to the war this church possessed a large stone font of a not uncommon type, consisting of a plain square bowl supported on five circular columns; but, apparently as the result of much heavy gunfire in the Thames estuary, the font disintegrated and fell to pieces, disclosing the present fine piece of leadwork which had hitherto been doing duty as a lining. The lead bowl was in a somewhat damaged condition, but the broken part has since been repaired, so that it now forms a notable addition to the list of extant specimens. It is an interesting speculation to account for its use in this manner. Was it an elaborate device to preserve it in Reformation or Puritan times; or was it merely that it was a damaged article acquired cheaply for the purpose? If the latter were the case, it is possible that it was not an isolated instance, and that there may be others hidden in a like manner and awaiting chance discovery.

The use of lead for font-making seems to have been practised during a long period, judging from those remaining; but in a craft of this description, involving the use of moulds, it is not easy to date with certainty any individual work on the basis of style alone, since the natural tendency of human nature would be to perpetuate a good design for which the materials were to hand. Those with seated figures beneath a round arched canopy, such

as Dorchester (Oxon) or Oxenhall (Glos), are usually assigned to the latter part of the twelfth century; others, from being dated, are known to be the production of the late seventeenth century, while of the intervening period the pointed arcades of Long Wittenham (Berks) or Haresfield (Glos) can scarcely be earlier than the thirteenth century, and the Tudor roses of Down Hatherley (Glos) must indicate a late fifteenth- or sixteenth-century date.

A careful examination of these fonts reveals much information as to the methods employed in their production. With one or two exceptions, such as that at Dorchester, which seems to be a solid casting, those inspected by the writer appear to have been built up with one or more flat pieces of metal, bent round and joined to form the sides of the circular bowl, seven being of one piece, one of two pieces, and six of



FONT AT OXENHALL

*English Church Fonts of Ornamental Lead Work*



FONT AT HARESFIELD



FONT AT DOWN HATHERLEY



## *Apollo: A Journal of the Arts*

three pieces. The procedure seems to have been to prepare first a plain flat surface of moulding sand, and then impress on it the design by means of carved dies. In the case of Oxenhall a single die was evidently worked comprising the four panels which go to make up each of the component pieces of the font; while in other cases a smaller die has been used and repeated as many times as necessary, as is clearly visible at Lower Halstow, where a two-panel unit was undoubtedly employed, since there is a ridge in the centre of every alternate column of the arcade, the result of not pressing it into the sand to the same depth in adjoining impressions; and the projecting webs supporting the rim at the top look as though they were largely intended to act as guides by which to place it accurately in position. An alternative method seems to have been to build up the design piecemeal on the sand itself by means of a number of stamps each carved with a different device, as may be seen at Long Wittenham, Haresfield, or Brundall (Norfolk). A variation from the usual practice is found at Wareham (Dorset), where a set of six flat panels has been utilized to form an hexagonal bowl, and the figures seem to have been finished off after casting by undercutting with a chisel.

The skill employed in joining up the parts



FONT AT BRUNDALL

varies considerably—from the very fine work at Oxenhall, where the joints have been moulded to form columns of the arcade and ornamented with a hand-cut chevron pattern, to the crude rib at Long Wittenham, almost suggestive of the efforts of a village plumber called in to joint up the parts which had been delivered from the maker in a flat or rolled state. In one or two instances, such as Down Hatherley, the font has evidently been reduced in size at some date after manufacture, as is indicated by the fact that one of the joints is clumsily made and breaks into the design, possibly the result of repair work after accidental damage.

The design of the fonts shows considerable variation, but the favourite appears to have been an arcade with a series of figures, seated, as at Dorchester or Oxenhall, or full length, as at Ashover (Derby) or Lower Halstow, though occasionally the arcade was omitted, as at Childrey (Berks). In the case of built-up designs, such as Brundall, Down Hatherley, or Warborough (Oxon), the scheme is more varied, and the maker seems to have exercised his ingenuity in order to make the most of his stock patterns. The bowl at Burghill (Hereford) is exceptional in that it consists of a deeply-moulded base with a band of foliate round the rim. The most elaborate of all is, however, the font, believed to be unique, at Brookland (Kent), where the designer has



FONT AT LONG WITTENHAM



*English Church Fonts of Ornamental Lead Work*



FONT AT ASHOVER



FONT AT WARBOROUGH



FONT AT BURGHILL



FONT AT BROOKLAND



FONT AT CHILDREY

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undertaken the ambitious subject, popular in medieval times, of the "months of the year," and has utilized for the purpose six separate dies, each with two panels of a double-tier arcade, in which the lower contains a series of figures engaged in occupations typical of the month represented, and the upper the appropriate signs of the Zodiac, while, in order that there shall be no mistake, he has inscribed on the arches of the lower arcade the names of the months in French. The year begins with March, but, as ten double panels were necessary to complete the circumference of the font, the months from March to October are repeated a second time. As they are of considerable interest the series of subjects is given below:

*March*—A man pruning a vine.

*April*—A figure holding a branch or flower in each hand (referring to the Rogationtide processions).

*May*—A knight hawking.

*June*—A man mowing with a scythe.

*July*—A man apparently raking hay.

*August*—A man reaping with a sickle.

*September*—A man threshing with a flail.

*October*—A man standing in a vat and holding a bunch of grapes.

*November*—A swineherd beating down acorns for the pig beneath.

*December*—A man felling an animal with an axe.

*January*—A two-faced Janus sitting at a table with a drinking horn.

*February*—A man warming himself at a fire.

Considering the ease with which this ornamental leadwork could be produced in bulk, once the necessary dies had been prepared, it is a little surprising to find so few examples of duplication; for it is hard to believe that the man who had evolved an elaborate work

such, for instance, as that at Brookland, would be content with a single casting; there are, however, at least two instances to show that the medieval manufacturer was not entirely ignorant of the advantages of mass production, and possibly the wastage of time has destroyed the evidence of others. The Oxenhall font is one of a group of six, all in Gloucestershire, which have been cast in the same mould, a

fact which would seem to indicate that it was a stock article with some particular lead founder; while those at Long Wittenham and Warborough are from moulds which have been built up by means of the same small stamps, though the maker has sought to avoid repetition by varying the arrangement of the pattern.

Although nothing definite appears to be

known as to the sources from which these fonts were obtained, the general similarity of the seated figures on those of the arcaded type suggests that the makers in some cases had a common source of inspiration for their designs or else were conversant with each other's work; and it seems not improbable that, in medieval times at least, the craft was in the hands of a very limited number of specialists. It is, further, a curious fact that about half the number of those known are located in close proximity to navigable water such as would have facilitated transport from a distant manufacturing centre. It is not known to the writer whether any work of a similar character is to be found on the continent of Europe, but it is an established fact that a brisk trade was carried on in the black marble fonts from Tournai, of which there are a number in this country, and it seems not unlikely that those of ornamental lead work may also have been recognized articles of commerce.



FONT AT WAREHAM



[Photo : Horlemann]

FIG. I. THE ALTAR OF ZEUS AT PERGAMON RECONSTRUCTED

## THE NEW PERGAMON MUSEUM IN BERLIN

By C. K. JENKINS

**T**HROUGH the generosity of Sir Joseph Duveen a worthy setting is to be given to the Elgin Marbles, which consist mainly of the sculptural decorations of the Parthenon, and are thus more an appendage of architecture than pure sculpture. It is greatly to be hoped that the new building may be arranged on the lines of the magnificent New Pergamon Museum in Berlin, which is shortly to be opened to the public. This, the first purely architectural museum in the world, is planned on a scale that dwarfs all other museums of classical antiquities. As its name denotes, it replaces the older museum on the same site, which was demolished owing to the foundations being

defective. The construction of the new museum, built by Hoffmann after the design of Messel, was interrupted by the war, and for some years it was impossible to resume the work. But it is now hoped that the centenary of the Berlin Museums, in 1930, will be celebrated by the completion of this splendid building. In it classical architecture from the sixth century B.C. to the second century A.D. is for the first time shown in its actual size by specimens from Olympia, Magnesia, Pergamon, Priene, Miletos, Samos, and Baalbek.

The large central hall is occupied by the remains of the great altar of Zeus at Pergamon, which was probably dedicated by King Eumenes II (197 to 159 B.C.) to commemorate

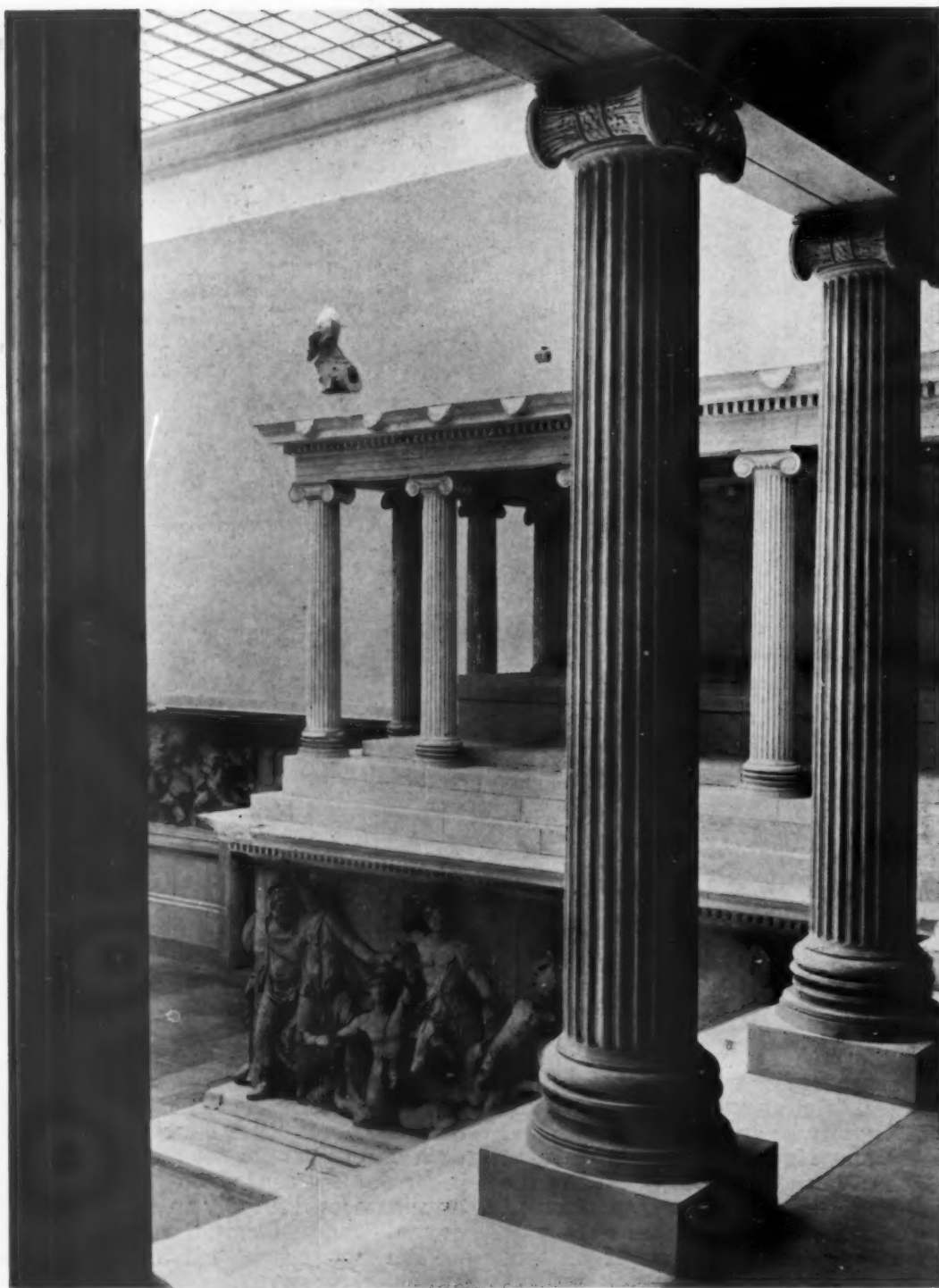


FIG. II. THE ALTAR OF ZEUS AT PERGAMON RECONSTRUCTED [Photo: Horlemann]



## *The New Pergamon Museum in Berlin*

his final victory over the Gauls. These fierce barbarians, later known to us as the peaceful Galatians of the New Testament, had been for more than two hundred years a continual source of trouble in the south of Europe and in Asia Minor. King Attalos of Pergamon, after many engagements, inflicted several crushing defeats upon them. In commemoration of his success he apparently invited a number of sculptors from Greece to execute a large group of bronze statues, the bases of which have been found. The original statues are lost, but marble copies of several of them are extant, the most famous being the well-known "Dying Gaul" in the Capitol at Rome. In 200 B.C. Attalos visited Athens, and dedicated as a thankoffering for his victories a set of small figures about three feet high representing the battles of the Pergamenes against the Gauls, the Greeks against the Persians and the Amazons, and the gods against the giants. We have some copies of these little figures; curiously enough only of the defeated combatants. Like the "Dying Gaul," they show great dramatic power and realism. It seems probable that the sculptors of these dedications settled in Pergamon, and that their descendants worked on the great altar. This would account for the high standard of workmanship, and also for the deviations from Greek tradition which the altar exhibits.

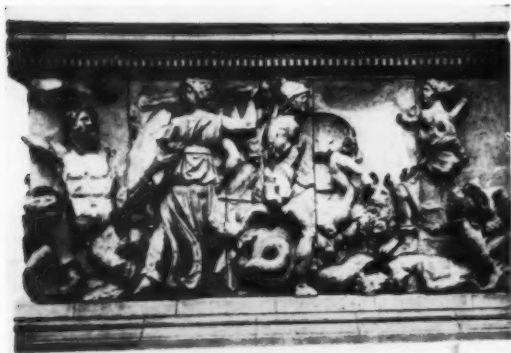


FIG. III. HECATE AND ARTEMIS—FROM THE LARGE FRIEZE

Unlike pure Greek work, the altar was erected on a huge artificial substructure in the style of Babylonian and Assyrian buildings. Above a basis about eight feet in height a low wall ran round three sides. The fourth side



FIG. IV. NIGHT—FROM THE LARGE FRIEZE

was principally occupied by an enormous flight of steps, over twenty yards wide, flanked by solid wings. In Greek buildings the wall might have been decorated by a narrow frieze, but in this case the entire surface was occupied by a colossal frieze, from which we may gather that the artists who designed the altar must have been strongly influenced by Oriental work. Above the cornice there was a colonnade of the Ionic order, and behind the columns a wall surrounded the inner court that contained the altar of sacrifice (Fig. I).

The remains of the sculptures were discovered by Carl Humann in 1869, and excavated by Humann and Conze, at the cost of the German Government, between 1878 and 1902. Thanks to the extraordinary patience and ingenuity of the museum officials, about five-sixths of the great frieze have now been pieced together. The subject of the frieze is the Gigantomachy, the battle between the gods and the giants, symbolizing the deliverance of the civilized world from a horde of barbarians. The frieze ran round three sides of the altar, with returns on each side of the staircase, so

## *Apollo: A Journal of the Arts*

that some of the figures were actually on the steps (Fig. II). Since the altar was roughly 100 ft. square, the length of the frieze was far more than 100 yds. To fill this enormous area not only the great gods, but a whole host of



FIG. V. FROM THE TELEPHOS FRIEZE

lesser divinities were depicted. So fierce was the conflict that even the gods could not be victorious without the aid of Heracles, from whom, as the father of Telephos, the Pergamene kings traced their descent.

Some fifty gods and goddesses, grouped according to their rank or to the place given them by tradition, took part in the fight. On the east side Zeus, shaking his ægis and hurling his thunderbolts, engaged three of the enemy at once. Close by, Athena dragged along by the hair a young giant with a mighty pair of wings, while her snake wound itself round his limbs, crushing the life out of him. In front of her, Gaia, the Earth-Mother, rose out of the ground to plead for her son in vain, for Nike hovered above her head, bringing the crown of victory to Athena. Further towards the south was Leto between her twin children Apollo and Artemis, the latter attended by her curiously horned dog, which joined in the fray (Fig. III). Next to Artemis came the three-bodied, three-headed, six-armed Hecate, also with her dog. On the south side were the deities of the sky and light, Helios the sun-god with his chariot, Selene the moon-goddess and Eos the dawn on horseback, Cybele on her stately lion. On the north side Aphrodite came

first, so as to be next to her traditional lover Ares, who was the last god on the east side. In the middle of the north side were Night, a lovely figure (Fig. IV), the stars and the children of darkness, followed by Poseidon, who led naturally to the other sea divinities—Triton, Amphitrite, Nereus, Oceanos and the rest (Fig. II), who were placed on the west side and returned on to the steps. The other wing on the west side had Rhea at the south-west corner, preceded by her lion, then Dionysos with two satyrs and his panther, and, lastly, Hermes and the nymphs.

While the gods and goddesses were mainly of conventional type, with their usual attributes, and with mild and characterless faces, their opponents were a striking contrast. In the agonized, terrible faces of the Earth-Mother and her son, helpless in the grip of Athena, in the pathos of Hecate's enemy, the magnificent giant whose head might have been the model for that of Michelangelo's "Moses" (Fig. III), in the contorted and often hideous forms, all the tragedy of man's struggle against the inexorable power of fate is epitomized. Just as one of the very finest metopes of the Parthenon shows the triumph of a centaur over a Lapith, so here the fallen giants have in many cases a noble rendering. A Greek was always generous towards a conquered enemy.

One lion-headed giant is being strangled by a young god; others have wings that are useless in this contest; many have snake legs, showing their earth-born origin. In Early Greek art the strange combination of a human body and a snake was common enough, cf. Erechtheus and Cecrops; but in the great fifth century it was thought an unworthy extravagance, and the giants were represented, as e.g. on the east metopes of the Parthenon, in human form. Many of the giants on the Pergamon frieze are also indistinguishable from their opponents, and in a few cases it would be difficult to know which was the god and which was the giant. In order to make everything clear to the spectators, the names of the gods were inscribed above the frieze in the hollow of the cornice, and the names of the giants were inscribed below. Besides the giants and their allies the Titans, certain other well-known enemies of the gods are shown as fighting against them. Thus the warrior against whom Artemis is advancing with such spirit is probably Otos,









## The New Pergamon Museum in Berlin

one of the Aloidæ, who fell in love with her, and lost his life in consequence.

In technique, as in size, the frieze stands alone. Over 7 ft. 6 in. in height, the design and execution are on a scale of unsurpassed grandeur. The old *horror vacui* seen on the early vases seems to have filled the minds of the artist or artists who planned the frieze. Almost the whole of the background is hidden by the outspread wings and writhing snakes which caused the writer of the Book of Revelation to dub the great altar "Satan's Seat," and allude to it as the place "where Satan dwelleth." Nowhere in all Greek art can the unparalleled virtuosity of the Hellenistic sculptors be seen to greater advantage. The relief varies from slight incision on the background to almost total detachment. In spite of the colossal scale of the figures, the details are treated with extraordinary delicacy, in view of the fact that the position of the frieze was only 8 ft. above the ground. The finish of the hunting-boots worn by Artemis (Fig. III) is a remarkable instance of this attention to detail.

Traces of colour still remain on the eyes in a few cases, and we may regard this as a proof that the frieze was painted. The style of the painting would probably resemble that of the Alexander sarcophagus, delicate and harmonious against a light background.

For all its boldness of design and execution, the great frieze followed on the lines of such works as the friezes of the Parthenon, the Mausoleum, and the Temple of Apollo at Phigaleia. But on the upper part of the wall that enclosed the actual area of the altar there was a smaller frieze, rather more than a yard and a-half high, which, though apparently by the same artists and of the same date as the large frieze, was entirely novel in Greek sculpture. A continuous series of separate sculptures, such as the adventures of Heracles or Theseus, was quite usual on the metopes of a temple, but in this case we have what may be styled a narrative composition running without interruption round the wall, showing the same persons in various scenes and at various times. We know from vase paintings, e.g. the Theseus vase by Douris in the British Museum, that this narrative composition was used in pictures, but as all the works of the great painters have perished we have no means of knowing how they treated such subjects. (We may

perhaps compare the Esquiline Odyssey paintings.) Probably we may assume that this smaller frieze shows the influence of some great pictures, of which we have an echo in the wall-painting from Herculaneum showing the finding of Telephos by Heracles, which Pfuhl\* is probably right in considering to be a direct copy of a Pergamene picture.

The story of the love of Heracles for Auge, the exposure of her little child Telephos, the recognition by Heracles† of his son whom a lioness (in the painting a hind) is suckling (Fig. VI), and all the subsequent adventures of the hero from whom the Pergamene kings traced their descent, and who founded their city, were shown in a



[Photo: Horlemann]

FIG. VI. HERACLES FINDS TELEPHOS

*From the small frieze of the Pergamon Altar*

succession of scenes only separated by a pillar, a tree, or even by the fact that the figures in a new scene turn their backs on those

\* *Meisterwerke griechischer Zeichnung*, T. 126.

† This figure of the so-called "weary Heracles" is probably reminiscent of a statue by Lysippos, of which the Farnese Heracles at Naples is a bad late copy.

## *Apollo: A Journal of the Arts*

in the preceding scene. From the position of the frieze, which was only a little above the spectators' heads, a delicate style was requisite, and both in design and in workmanship the effect is one of idyllic calm as opposed to the exaggerated dramatic force of the Gigantomachy.

Unfortunately the remains of the Telephos frieze, though we have nearly forty yards of it, are too fragmentary for the meaning of each figure to be interpreted, but in most cases the outlines of the story can be followed. In Fig. V the standing man on the left may be King Aleos, the father of Auge, and the seated woman either the Queen or possibly Auge herself. On the right is the figure of Heracles, his lion's skin knotted on his breast, suddenly brought to a standstill by the sight of Auge among the trees, one of which covers with its leafy boughs the background above his head. This pictorial touch of a background sets the Telephos frieze in a different class from all earlier friezes and from the contemporary frieze of the Gigantomachy. A "landscape" background, it is true, occurred on the archaic "Erechtheion" pediment, but in no other extant sculpture before the date of the Pergamene altar. In later work by both Greek and Roman artists the landscape background became a commonplace, notably in the so-called Neo-Attic reliefs, such as the Visit of Dionysos to a Mortal in the British Museum.

If one may express a regret, it is that, owing to the fact that the site of the museum is an

island, space did not allow the altar to be reconstructed in its entirety. In the old Pergamon Museum all the frieze was placed round the altar, but in the new museum the west front alone is fully reconstructed, and the slabs

from the other sides are placed round the walls of the room. It is no longer possible to walk round the podium to study every minute detail in the frieze, but this loss is more than balanced by the enormous gain in seeing the complete reconstruction of the staircase with its thirteen openings at the top, where the Telephos frieze is in its proper position on the wall of the inner court.

In the room to the left of the great central hall portions of various Greek buildings in Asia Minor are being erected. Columns with their entablature and even parts of the roof, standing in their full height, allow of a comparison of the Doric order of the Temple of Athena at Pergamon with the Ionic order at Priene and the Temple of Zeus Sesiopolis in Magnesia. The two-storied gate from the Sanctuary of Athena at Pergamon, dating from the second century B.C., is another architectural treasure.

The kings of Pergamon not only amassed a huge library of some 200,000 volumes, but they were intense admirers of the great Greek sculptors of former days. Many

copies of statues found in the ruins of the library and other buildings are now being arranged in this room. One of the most important exhibits is the marble copy, one-third of the original size, of Pheidias's gold and ivory statue of



FIG. VII MARBLE COPY OF THE  
PARTHENOS FROM PERGAMON

## *The New Pergamon Museum in Berlin*

Athena in the Parthenon at Athens (Fig. VII). As we should expect from the Pergamon sculptors, who were great artists and not slavish copyists, this statue of the Parthenos is somewhat of a free translation into another material and another style. In point of fact we know so little of the original chryselephantine statue that it is impossible for us to be always sure where the copyist has taken a liberty, and where he has faithfully reproduced the original on a smaller scale. But a comparison with the Madrid copy of the Parthenos seems to show that the drapery is to some extent modernized, and a comparison of the head with those of the Demeter of Cherkel and the Kora Albani, both of which are now recognized as Pheidias in character, makes it likely that the reproduction of the head has been modified by later influences. The poor Varvakeion statuette should, I think, be left quite out of account. To say that the free folds of the dress in the Pergamon statue are all a modification seems too strong a statement. From the unequalled richness of the dress of the figures on the east pediment of the Parthenon, we know that all stiffness had been abandoned by that time; and we can be sure that Pheidias would take care that the gold drapery of his statue was so arranged as to produce exactly the right effect by means of light and shade. We should, I think, do well to remember that the relation of the Varvakeion, Patras, and Lenormant statuettes to the Parthenos is much the same as that of a picture post card to the Sistine Madonna.

In the room to the right of the central hall the market gate from Miletos is being set up against the west wall in all its height, a magnificent specimen of Roman architecture of the Imperial age (see plate facing page 142). The three great round arched doorways, repeated on a smaller scale in the upper story, show off by contrast the slender Corinthian columns and delicate ornament of the entablature of the pavilions, each of which, when completed, will contain a large marble statue. The gate was constructed during the time when the Emperor Marcus Aurelius was at war with the Parthians, and, together with the remains of Trajan's Temple at Pergamon and specimens from the Temple of Jupiter at Baalbek, it will present an opportunity for the comparative study of Roman architecture which cannot be obtained anywhere else in the world. The opening of this wonderful museum will mark an epoch in the study of Greek and Roman architecture. For the first time portions of buildings by the greatest architects in antiquity are being erected in their proper size. The German Archaeological Institute recognizes that a partial reconstruction, reduced in height, gives a sorely mistaken impression of the original effect. It is very fortunate for us that the authorities who will be responsible for the new arrangement of the Elgin Marbles have before their eyes this noble museum, which, through the energy and unflagging enthusiasm of Dr. Wiegand and his colleagues, is now nearing completion.

## SOME SPANISH FANS

By MRS. STEUART ERSKINE

IT is a curious fact that the fan, which takes such a prominent place in Spanish costume and custom, should never have found native artificers to rival the clever fanmakers of France. The folding fan, as we have seen, made its way from the East via Italy to France; it was taken up by the Spaniards, who had always used the screen fans, with so much enthusiasm that it became the most familiar object in everyday life. It was seen in the streets, in the bull ring, in the theatres;

it played an important place in Spanish dances, and the language of fans was a common accomplishment, facilitating intercourse between parted lovers. Indeed, Théophile Gautier, in his amusing account of his travels in Spain, remarked that he had often seen a leg without a stocking, though the foot was shod in satin, but never a hand without a fan.

In the fifteenth century the screen fan was used, often decorated with plumes; in the sixteenth century there were folded fans



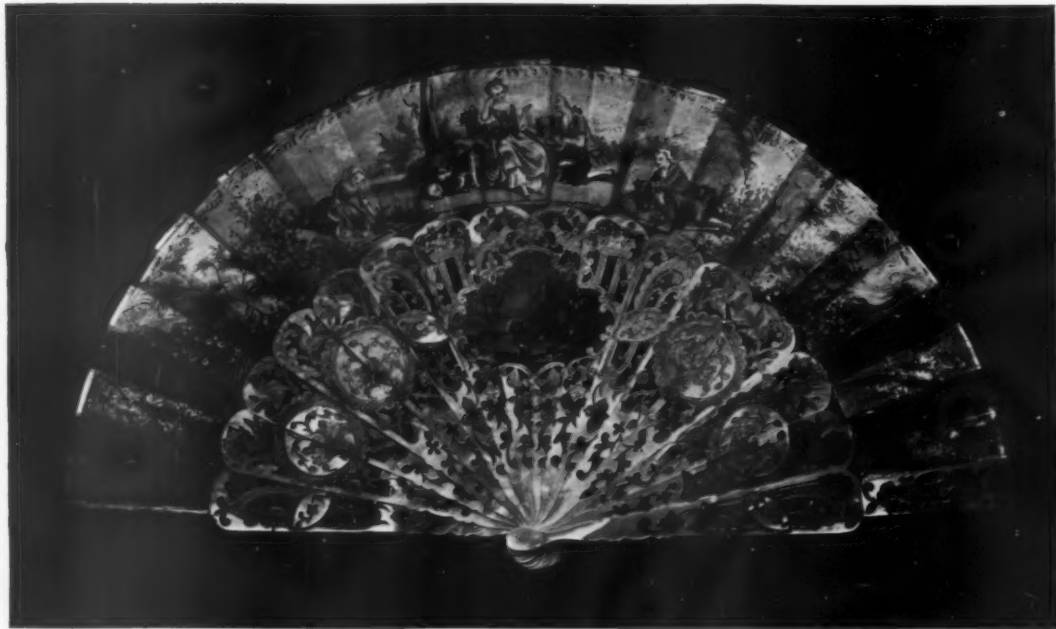


FIG. I. D. MANUEL TERRERO COLLECTION  
*Victoria and Albert Museum*

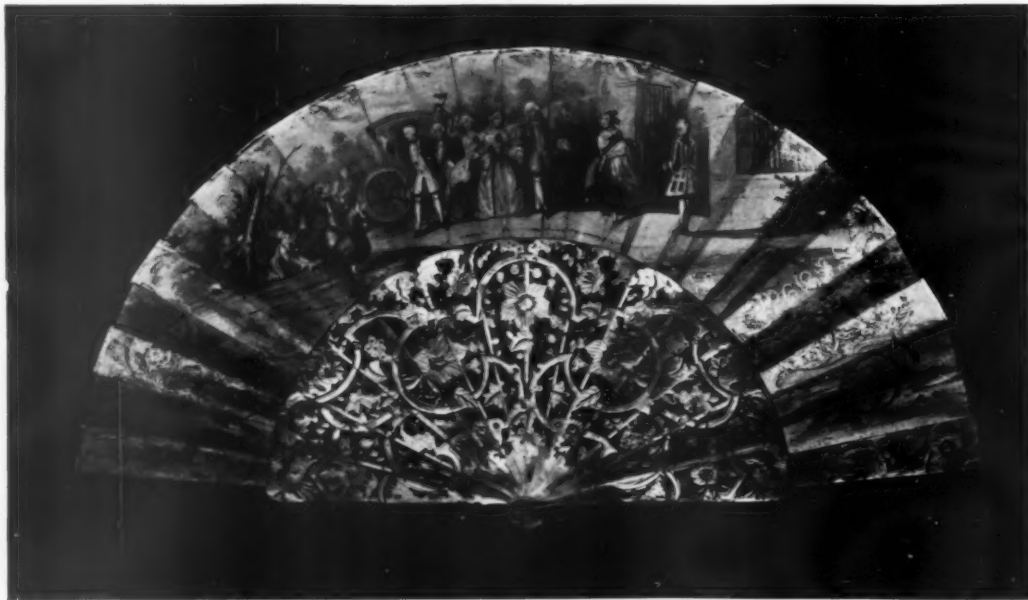


FIG. II. D. MANUEL TERRERO COLLECTION  
*Victoria and Albert Museum*



## *Some Spanish Fans*

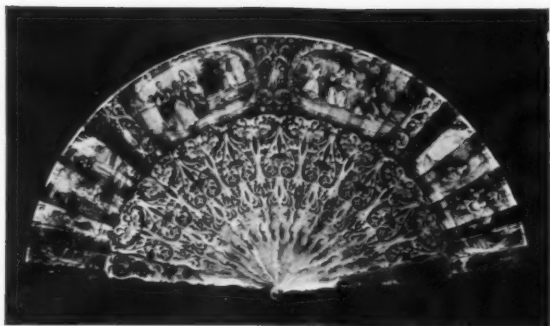


FIG. III. D. MANUEL TERRERO COLLECTION  
*Victoria and Albert Museum*

enriched with gold, attached to the waist with a gold cord and having jewelled handles: "La Femme à l'Éventail" in the Wallace collection has a folded fan, probably made of scented leather. The folded fan, as we know it, only became popular towards the end of the seventeenth century, a period when Spain was influenced by France.

Spanish art is, of course, composed of diverse elements. It may have started with the Iberians; it took something from the barbaric Visigoths, the orderly Romans, the intensely decorative Arabs; in the time of Charles V the interchange of artists with Rome brought Italian influence to the fore, and then the Spanish genius had a flowering time in the "Siglo de Oro." After Velazquez and the painters, after the great architects and the writers had passed away, there came a period of decadence—one of those periods of decadence that alternate with times of great activity, reminding one of the level plains and the chains of mountains of the peninsula.

During the latter part of the seventeenth century great consignments of fans were imported from Paris; and as Philip V, the first Bourbon King of Spain, ascended the throne in 1700, French influence became more pronounced than ever. French fans had been so fashionable during the last reign that a Spanish painter, Cano de Arevalo, having got possession of a quantity of mounted unpainted fan leaves, shut himself up for a whole winter and then gave them out as having been painted in Paris. The strategy was successful, and the painter made a small fortune, which he did not live very long to enjoy as he was killed in a bull-fight when he was only forty years old.

He was appointed painter to the Queen after it became known that the fans were his work.

Philip V, a grandson of Louis XIV, did a great deal for the arts. He founded the Royal Academy of Madrid, the Academia del Buen Gusto, and the Academy of Fine Arts of San Fernando. He was a liberal-minded man, anxious to improve the country of his adoption according to French ideals. When French fashions were to the fore it was small wonder that the fans followed suit.

The making of fans, it must be remembered, was a highly specialized industry; a long apprenticeship was necessary, and great skill required in the carving of the sticks. The ivory and mother-of-pearl were cut into such thin segments, the piercing and carving were so minutely delicate, that only experienced craftsmen could hope to arrive at perfection. After the repeal of the Edict of Nantes, many of these artificers migrated to England and founded the English school, but no such school was started in Spain, and the Spaniards continued to employ the French fanmakers, who at one time supplied all the courts of Europe.

Many Spanish fans were made at a "Fabrica de Abanicos" by "Coustellier y Cia en Paris"; they were designed to suit the Spanish taste, and often had a text which was wrongly spelt, proving that it was painted in by a foreigner. In the Victoria and Albert Museum there is a collection of fans presented by the late Don Manuel Terrero; they had belonged to his mother, Doña Manuela de Rosas, daughter of the ex-Dictator of the Argentine Republic, a lady who played a part in the political events of her time. Among these



FIG. IV. CHARLES III IN THE PLAZA MAYOR  
*British Museum*



FIG. V. FRENCH VERSION OF A BULL-FIGHT BEFORE A KING  
*British Museum*

we may mention a fan with the narrow leaf and the long sticks that are typical of those made for the Spanish market (Fig. I); the leaf is paper and has a lithograph tinted in water-colour and gilded, representing a pastoral scene, probably French. The sticks and guards are very decorative, made of mother-of-pearl, gilded and silvered, elaborately carved and pierced. There is a medallion on the sticks, painted in body-colour with a scene reminiscent of Claude. Another fan (Fig. II) has very fine sticks and guards of mother-of-pearl, the floral design occupying the whole space, carried over from one stick to another. The leaf is paper, with a lithograph tinted in colours; the scene is amusing, representing the arrival of a party of people in a coach who are greeted by friends. The third fan that we illustrate from this collection (Fig. III) is a Battoir fan, with very narrow leaf and sticks widening out at the top. The paper mount has a black ground decorated with medallions in water-colour; the sticks and guards are beautifully carved mother-of-pearl, pierced and gilded.

When passing on to the less decorative printed fans, dealing with current events, that were probably all designed in Spain, whether or no they continued to use the French framework, we must go to the famous collection of the late Lady Charlotte Schreiber, which is hidden

away in the British Museum and can be seen only by application at the Print Room. It is a great pity that the Schreiber and the Wyatt collections cannot both be housed in the Victoria and Albert Museum, where they are more in keeping with the costumes shown in the upper galleries and where there are already some showcases of fans. The British Museum does not want fans and does not exhibit them; they would be far better transferred to South Kensington. The Schreiber fans are not only valuable as examples of this byway of art; they are historically interesting, because all sorts of events, domestic, political, and even warlike, were illustrated in fan-leaves before

the days of photography. In our days we are snapped as we descend from our new airplane, or as we leave the curb and are run over by a passing car; there is no need to record any event, political or domestic, which is already stale after the morning papers have appeared. In the eighteenth century publicity did not exist as we suffer it now, and many of the fan-leaves reproduce events of political importance. In the case of Spain, they follow the trend of public events.

After Philip V died in 1746 he was succeeded by his son Ferdinand VI, whose reign was comparatively uneventful; he was succeeded in 1759 by his half-brother, Charles III. Charles was a good ruler who effected many

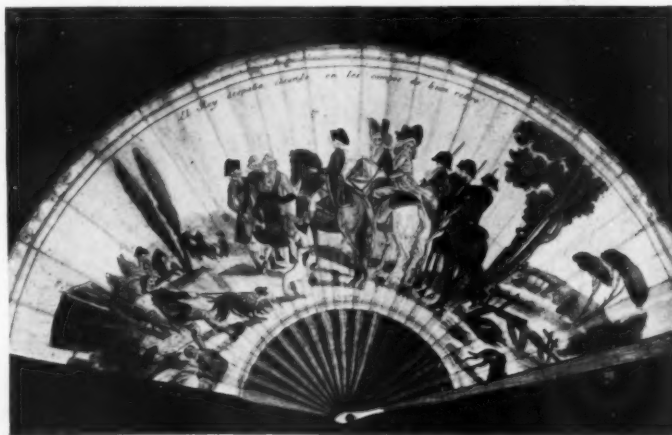


FIG. VI. THE KING OF SPAIN IN THE BUEN RETIRO PARK  
*British Museum*

## Some Spanish Fans

reforms; he was devoted to the French alliance, and made the "Family Pact" that eventually led up to the Peninsular War. In an interesting fan-leaf in the Schreiber collection we see Charles III holding a *carrousel* in the famous Plaza Mayor of Madrid (Fig. IV). In this

great square, surrounded by houses that had every window numbered in order to facilitate the arrival of the spectators at the festivals held, many historic pageants had taken place. Charles II and his mother had sat for long hours watching the Jews and other heretics suffer the extreme penalty; victims had died in agony at the stake, and the place had flowed with blood. In earlier times many spectacular bull-fights

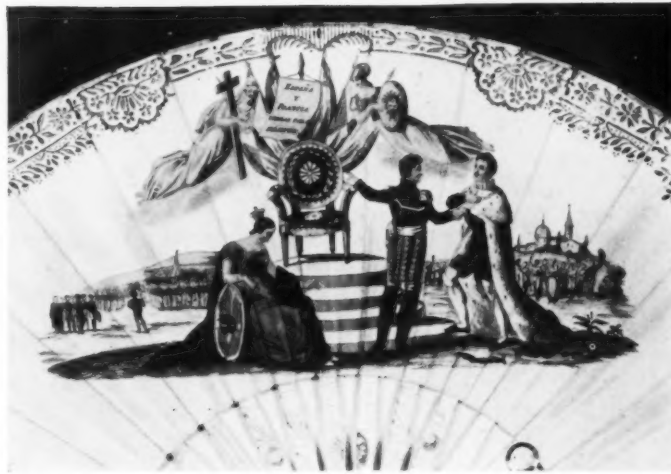


FIG. VII. SPAIN AND FRANCE UNITED FOR EVER

*British Museum*

had taken place here in the presence of the King and the Court, and it is in a line with tradition that Charles should be holding his revel in this place. His pavilion is erected in the centre, and the names of the Duque de Medinaceli and the Marqués de Tabara are written on scrolls. It is painted in watercolour and has been removed from the mount.

A fantastic representation of a bull-fight, as seen by French eyes, appears in Fig. V.

Charles died in the year preceding the outbreak of the French Revolution, and his boorish son, Charles IV, reigned in his place. This King is well known because of the many scandals in his Court connected with his Queen, the redoubtable Maria Luisa of Parme.



FIG. VIII. BUONAPARTE AND PEACE

*British Museum*



## *Apollo: A Journal of the Arts*

and her favourite Godoy; the couple were immortalized by the magic brush of the most typical of Spanish painters, Goya. In the fan-leaf (Fig. VI) we see the Royal party out riding in the Buen Retiro Park, a wild stretch of wooded country on the farther side of the Manzanares, which forms a pleasure-ground for the present Royal family. It is an etching, and is coloured by hand and mounted on plain wooden sticks. Don Fernando, the son of Charles and Maria Luisa, as will be remembered, intrigued against his father, against Godoy, against both the French and the English; he was imprisoned in 1807, but released and appointed to succeed his father when that weak-minded King abdicated in 1808. But Napoleon had his eye on Spain as well as on Portugal; and the troops, commanded by Marshal Murat, entered Madrid on the famous or infamous 2nd of May and massacred the civilians as well as the soldiers in the Puerta del Sol. The Dos de Mayo remains one of the tragic episodes in Spanish history, and it is curious to find fan-leaves recording the ascent to the throne of the man that Napoleon chose to succeed the Bourbon sovereigns. The two following examples are eloquent of the French influence. In the first (Fig. VII) we have an armchair symbolizing a throne, over which are figures representing

Faith and Wisdom, between them a scroll with the words "Spain and France United for Ever." Joseph Buonaparte is arrayed in Royal robes and is in the act of ascending the throne, while a female figure representing Spain sits in a dejected attitude trying to avoid seeing the scene. Perhaps she was thinking of the Dos de Mayo. In Fig. VIII we have another fan of the period showing the joys of peace under the Buonaparte regime.

There are many fans commemorating the Peninsular War, with Wellesley as the hero, which we have not space to reproduce here, and, as in other countries, the fan-leaves continued to record passing events, great and small.

It is still possible to pick up fans in Spain. I remember pretty Isabelline printed fans that were to be picked up at one time in the famous Rag Market of Madrid, the Rastro. And there are now, as there have been for long, great fan factories in Spain, the chief of which appear to be situated in Valencia. One example of a modern bull-fight (Fig. IX) comes from the Schreiber collection. It is on paper and is mounted on pierced wooden sticks; on the front of the leaf we see the portraits of six favourite *espadas* of the day, and on the reverse a procession of bull-fighters on horseback.



FIG. IX. BULL-FIGHT FAN (MODERN)

*British Museum*







## "ST. MARTIN WITH THE BEGGAR" BY EL GRECO

By AUGUST L. MAYER

THE example of "St. Martin with the Beggar," by El Greco (reproduced in this number as a colour-plate), formerly in the Manzi collection in Paris, is not so famous as the large picture in the Widener collection formerly in the little Church of S. José in Toledo; but in our opinion it is one of the finest, if not *the* finest, of all the five autograph versions by El Greco of this subject known to us. It is also one of the latest, but without any of those exaggerations which, as the utmost limits of El Greco's extravagant style, aroused the enthusiasm of the admirers of the master in all his ways or the protests of his critics.

The number 387, which we notice inscribed in white colour in the picture, seems to indicate that it belonged to a big collection—most probably the collection of the King, Philip IV of Spain. It may even be that this was the example which Rubens saw already in 1603 in Madrid, when he painted his portrait of the Duke of Lerma on horseback, visibly inspired by one of El Greco's paintings of St. Martin.

This example, extremely well preserved, is not only attractive by its careful execution of the figures and the brilliancy of the colours, especially the purple lacres, but also by its marvellous landscape. This green, in its luminosity and freshness, recalls that of

Cézanne; but we must emphasize that the artistic formation of the human body, as well as that of the landscape and the "space composition" in the works of El Greco, is entirely different from that of Cézanne. El Greco will not create any space, will not form a rational world, which can be measured. He is the last great medieval *irrational* artist and he proves it also in this picture. The group is not connected with the landscape in a realistic, rational way. The difference in the scale of the proportions of the group and the landscape will express that this knight and this beggar (Christ disguised as a beggar) are superhuman beings; they are more connected with the heaven which is given so impressively as a neutral background, ornamented with clouds, quite as the ideal golden or blue ground in medieval mosaics.

A comparison with the portrait already mentioned of the Duke of Lerma, by Rubens, shows in the most instructive way how much this work of the Flemish artist is baroque, by the introduction of the landscape as an essential part, connected with the figure as a decoration and as a representative expression. It is impossible to dissolve the figure from the landscape and vice versa; on the other hand, the landscape in Greco's work is "additive" in the sense of medieval art.



## A GERMAN CARVER OF MARBLE:

### ADAM ANTES

By KINETON PARKES

**T**HE Venus de Milo divested of her back hair is still the Venus de Milo, because beauty does not depend on one factor. If she were Eton-cropped she would still be the most beautiful figure in the world so far as general, if not universal, opinion goes. The beautifully-shaped head is the more fully revealed, and so compensation is afforded for the sacrifice of the flowing curves of the sacrificed hair. No woman should shingle or crop whose head is ugly, and there are so many ugly heads that the wonder grows that there should be so many crops. Venus never spoilt her hair by cultivating side curls; she has no displeasing cheekbones nor disproportioned ears to hide. Unfortunately, women cannot disguise their sometimes deplorable chins by growing a

graceful beard. Venus has a beautiful chin, and it would be a sin to disguise it. The lips, the most sensitive and the most revealing feature of the face, cannot be wholly hidden even by a moustache, neither can the delight or

the degradation of the nose be discounted. It is there for all time, for all to see and judge by. The nose of Venus is Greek, the most delightful of all classical noses. It carries the line of beauty into the arches of the eye-sockets and guards the tenderness of the eyes, throwing a shadow of exquisite quality over them. The eyebrows are not merely hirsute excrescences; they are features, too, which sculpture reveals. But above all is the revelation of the nobility or otherwise of the brow. The forehead of Venus is noble, if low. Its lowness leads women to imitate it. It is a



SITTING TORSO: White Marble

By Adam Antes

## *A German Carver of Marble: Adam Antes*



THE BATHING GIRL : Clouded Marble

*By Adam Antes*

mistake, for the lowness of the Greek brow is only beautiful to type—an item in the general structure of the Greek face and head. The face and head of Venus form a pure, full oval, giving it dignity which does not derogate from its essential sweetness.

There are many Venuses, however. The type of ideal beauty varies with each country and each epoch. What was all right for the Hittite is nothing to the Hottentot. The Romans, as they thought, improved on the

Greek; the neo-classicists of the nineteenth century endeavoured to supplant the Roman with the type of the sugar-loaf marble: angelic, unreal woman. Their successors are trusting more in Mother Nature and going to her for the types as seen in the daughters of today. Their research is endless, especially among the sculptors. The plastic and glyptic artist has to be very precise; the painter can afford more latitude. The sculptor produces in the round and has to exhibit all the features of the human



BUST OF A YOUNG WOMAN : Veined Marble

*By Adam Antes*

## *Apollo: A Journal of the Arts*

head and body in their due relations and proportions. If he is a naturalist his scope is boundless and his efforts receive the encouragement of truth, or, at any rate, the satisfaction of searching for it.

The younger the artist the keener he

pursuit of beauty nor failing in the revelation of it to his contemporaries.

There are many young sculptors today who are so puzzled at the production of their contemporary elders that they perforce have to pursue a line of their own in order to arrive at



THE TURNED HEAD : Clouded Marble

*By Adam Antes*

generally is to explore the realms of beauty, and it is by this research that he eventually decides on his own ideal. Whatever zeal he displays in his observation he comes at last to a generalization. It is this that determines his place in the art of his day; and it is most ardently to be desired that he continues his labours until a worthy end is achieved, not fainting in the

their goal. This is, after all, however much disguised and sometimes deflected, the realization of that beauty which is truth—that truth which is beauty. One of them is the young German, Adam Antes, born at Worms in 1891, apprenticed to carving, cutting in stone, until he felt his craftsmanship deserved an æsthetic leading. He then went to Munich and became



## *A German Carver of Marble: Adam Antes*

an artist, but travelled little, retiring rather upon himself and cogitating upon the meaning of beauty and its expression. He works in Darmstadt, producing portrait busts and statues and modelled decorations which have much originality and vigour.

It is in his ideal busts, however, that he

Most of them are merely designated "Heads"; but one or two have subject-titles such as "Sleep," this latter a delightful head of simple handling, in which the hair is treated in wavy, solid form, used also in one of the artist's most recent busts. In other cases there is free flowing, or plaited naturalistic rendering; in



SLEEP: White Marble

*By Adam Antes*

allows his fancy to play with his research; and pure speculation, reduced to concrete form, is the result. Some of these he carves himself, and no piece of carving leaves his studio which has not the impress of its creator's own chisel. There is a series of about a dozen of these remarkable evocations of types with characteristics which differ in every case. They were begun in 1919, and the last was made in 1926.

others it appears as a cap drawn tightly over the scalp; and in one there is a suggestion of Eastern character which also appears in the type of features. Generally, the features follow closely on Nature, but with wide type-variations. Low and high foreheads, long and short noses, wide and narrow settings of the eyes; and there is no feature common to all, except the evidence of the definite determination

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to explore and exploit the feminine facial beauty of our time, and a gentle exaggeration which successfully conveys the emphasis of the type. As the series progresses the stylization increases until very attractive types are declared. They are not the type of the Venus de Milo, nor of Queen Nefertari; of the serene Holy Mother of Gothic and Renaissance art; nor of the insipid Hebe of neo-classicism. But they are the types of modern woman rendered in terms which, although not identical with any pre-existing types, are identical in the principles which underly them all; they are an endeavour to pierce the veiled secret of the eternal beauty of woman.

In his sculptured portraits of men of the past Antes has tackled a problem which never ceases to present difficulties. The painting of a portrait of a celebrated person of long ago is seldom attempted. On the other hand, busts and statues of the world's poets and legislators are frequently modelled or carved. The maker of a bust or a statue has the advantage of being able to idealize his conception regardless of the fear of being taken to task for not producing a naturalistic portrait. It is sufficient if he gives the world a reasonable resemblance of his hero, and he is then at liberty to state his own reading of characteristics. The satisfying

process is, of course, for the artist to get sittings from his hero when alive; but this comes into another category, that of portraiture rather than of memorializing. Adam Antes has attempted both forms in his posthumous busts of Goethe and Luther and in his contemporary head of President Ebert. In the former case he provides statements founded on his own conceptions; in the latter, a record of actuality based on Nature. They are equally successful, for both are full of character. It is in this way that this young sculptor is trying to solve some of the questions which instigated his predecessor and countryman, Adolf von Hildebrand, to deal with the subject in his book, "Das Problem der Form."

It is not only form of feature, however, with which Antes deals, but the form instrumental in the expression of ideal beauty. The real essence of the beautiful is only to be discovered in the presentation of the ideal which possesses an artist's mind; the intuition which prompts him to experiment. In

the torso most sculptors have pursued this realization of ideal beauty; and Antes, in his female torsos, as well as in his standing figure of "The Bathing Girl," has sought for and found the lines, planes, and masses which express his intuition and render it in terms of concrete art.



DECORATIVE HEAD

By Adam Antes

## ANDREA SOLDI

By HILDA F. FINBERG



SELF-PORTRAIT

*By Andrea Soldi (1743)*

*Size 30" × 25"*

*By the courtesy of  
Mr. Max Rothschild*

**A**MONG the many interesting pictures exhibited by the Magnasco Society in 1926 was the self-portrait of Andrea Soldi, Florentine painter, which we reproduce in this issue. Soldi, who worked in England for a number of years in the middle of the eighteenth century, produced portraits and portrait-groups which were better painted than many of those by English artists at that period. A certain number of his works are known, most of them being signed and dated; but there must be many more, as yet unidentified, in private collections throughout England.

The portrait shows the artist nearly full-face, having evidently been painted with the aid of a mirror. He wears a gown of

wine-coloured velvet, trimmed with fur, and his black hair is tied with a ribbon. In his left hand he holds a palette on which is his signature: "Andrea Soldi, A<sup>o</sup> 1743."

For first-hand information about Soldi we must turn to the notebooks of George Vertue, the engraver, which contain the fullest records extant of the artists of his day. Horace Walpole used these records when compiling his "Anecdotes of Painting," but when dealing with Soldi, in whom he evidently took no special interest, he made very little use of Vertue's information.

Vertue first mentions Soldi in the year 1738:

"Another Italian painter has been in England about two years it's said, but lately



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is come into reputation, having had several persons of quality and distinction sit to him for their pictures—his manner is different from the others, being a Florentine—Soldi, by name, but the most remarkable is that notwithstanding Mr. Vanloo [Jean-Baptiste] has had such a run of business, this Italian from April to August has had above thirty portraits large and small begun—his draperies to his portraits well imitated—silks, satins, velvets. He came to England from the voyage he had made into the Levant, Turkey, Constantinople, etc., aged now about 35."

According to this account, the accuracy of which there is no reason to doubt, Soldi was born about 1703. Bryan's "Dictionary of Painters" antedates his birth by more than twenty years. No trace remains of the thirty or more portraits referred to by Vertue as having been begun by Soldi in 1738, although Edward Edwards ("Anecdotes of Painters") mentions having seen a portrait of an elderly lady by Soldi dated 1739. There is, however, a brilliant group of the Duncombe family, signed "Andrea Soldi Pinxit A° 1741," at Duncombe Park, Yorkshire, the seat of Lord Feversham.

Vertue's next note on Soldi was made in 1742. He wrote:

"Signor Andrea Soldi, a Florentine painter of portraits and history, has been in England some years, a master of some merit equal to any other, has done many good pictures and some historys, of which having not seen any I can't say their merit, but people of judgement in the arts of delineation give him great allowance of merit. From his own country he set out to the Holy Land which he had great desire to see, in his way there or back at Aleppo, he became acquainted with some English merchants whose pictures [he] having drawn, with much approbation, they advised him to come to England which he did—with some of them."

It is a curious circumstance that Soldi's arrival in England, about the year 1735, coincides with the return to this country of Owen McSwiny, the impresario. McSwiny had been engaged in various theatrical ventures, but becoming bankrupt he left London in 1711 and lived for about twenty years in Italy. While there he was employed in engaging singers for the Italian Opera in London. He also acted as intermediary between certain

Italian painters and their English patrons. Among these painters was the great Canaletto (Antonio Canal), whom McSwiny introduced to several noble patrons both before and after Canaletto's arrival in England.

On July 18, 1730, McSwiny wrote from Bologna to Francis Colman, then British Envoy at Florence: "I write this letter to you in great haste, being just on my departure for Rome, being obliged to wait on Lord Boyne and Mr. Walpole in the tour which they are making: our stay there will not be above ten days, then we shall set out for Florence."

Eleven days later, on July 29, McSwiny again wrote to Colman, this time from Rome: "We set out from hence this day se'nnight . . . to make the best of our way for Florence . . . My Lord Boyne and Mr. Walpole make their best compliments to you and your lady."

There is a picture, attributed to Hogarth, called "The Ship Cabin," which was exhibited at South Kensington in 1867 (No. 357). It represents a scene on the yacht in which Gustavus, second Viscount Boyne, left England in 1728 to sail to the Levant. It contains portraits of Lord Boyne, Owen McSwiny, and three others, one of whom is said to be Robert Wood the explorer, and another, the painter of the picture, although it is obviously not a portrait of Hogarth. The "Mr. Walpole" mentioned in McSwiny's letters to Colman was probably Horatio, afterwards first Baron Walpole of Wolterton, and uncle of Horace Walpole, and he may be the fifth person represented in the group. According to the manuscript notes of an eighteenth-century Irish antiquary, Joseph Cooper Walker, who himself possessed a copy of the picture made in black and white chalk by Robert Crone, the original painting was "done in Italy by order of the ingenious Lord Boyne." If this is correct, it cannot be by Hogarth, who, as is well known, never went abroad until 1748, and then got no farther than Calais. Moreover, the work is quite unlike Hogarth's: it does not, in fact, look English. On comparing it with the self-portrait and other works by Soldi, one is struck by their similarity. There is an affectation in the painting of the hands, with their long, tapering fingers, which is peculiar to all Soldi's portraits and is noticeable also in the figures in "The Ship Cabin." Again, comparison of Soldi's own features

## Andrea Soldi

with those of the supposed artist of "The Ship Cabin" does not preclude the possibility that they represent the same man, there being an interval of about ten years between the painting of the two portraits.

In view of what Vertue tells us about Soldi's voyage to the Levant, and his subsequent arrival in England with some Englishmen whose portraits he had drawn, it seems not improbable that Soldi's acquaintances, instead of being "English merchants," as Vertue thought, were really the unconventional Lord Boyle, Mr. Walpole, and Owen McSwiny, the last ever ready to detect artistic merit and to exploit it, when occasion offered, to his own advantage. Vertue admittedly did not know the exact date or manner of Soldi's arrival in England. Moreover, we have seen that the travellers intended to visit Florence, Soldi's native city, before setting off on their voyage.

At the beginning of the year

1743-44, Vertue gives us a fuller account of Soldi's progress in London:

"Soldi, the painter, by his merit and interest of Friends, has had considerable Business, livd well, kept house, a Madam, &c. which expences put him under difficulties—running into debt and behind hand. At present his creditors some of them prosecuted him to the Fleet, where he is now under composition. But his high mind and conceptions, grandioses, willing to be thought a

Count or Marquis, rather than an excellent painter—such idle vanities has done him no good, and in this case will make it the more difficult for him to submit to his creditors terms. Upon this occasion some friends of his, finding he has business in hand begun, for nobility and others, of value of a brace of hundreds, and prospects of going on well enough if he can make any abatement to his

pride or expences, is some hopes he may be re-established. Only the singular affectation of thinking himself above the dignity of a painter in his birth or parentage, will be a check on his diligence and promoting his interest to get above necessity and beforehand—he can't relish his Friends at certain times commending his skill in the Art he professes, he would rather have [the] world believe he does them honour when he paints for them—this is his foible. By his conduct he says he has spent £7,000 since he came to England, which he brought with



PORTRAIT OF LOUIS FRANÇOIS ROUBILIAC *Andrea Soldi (1751)*

*In the Dulwich Gallery*

him—in a little more than 6 years."

This story of Soldi's weakness can be readily believed when one studies his portrait. It is the face of a self-indulgent man who wishes to convince the world of his importance. Fortunately for the painter, his friends, of whom perhaps McSwiny was one, appear to have helped him out of his troubles on this occasion, as Vertue predicted. In any case, we find him a few years later painting the full-length portrait of Charles Somerset, fourth

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Duke of Beaufort, which is now at Oriel College, Oxford. It is signed and dated 1748. About this same date Canaletto was commissioned by the Duke, who had succeeded to the title in 1745, to paint two views of Badminton House and Park. It is possible that McSwiny was the intermediary between the Duke and both of these Italian artists.

Vertue does not give us any further details of Soldi's manner of living, but in 1751 he mentions him again in connection with the striking portrait of Roubiliac, the sculptor, which is now in the Dulwich College Art Gallery:

"Lately Mr. Rubilliac the Statuary, his picture painted by Mr. Soldi—portrait painter—Nov. 1751. His portraits are freely and well drawn and his colouring pure and very natural. He is certainly a painter of superior merit in the portrait way, very light and airy."

The portrait, which shows Roubiliac working on a small statuary group, is signed and dated: "A<sup>w</sup> Soldi Pinx<sup>t</sup> A<sup>o</sup> 1751." Soldi appears to have adopted the anglicized form of his first name, for Edward Edwards and others refer to him as "Andrew" Soldi. In 1758 he painted a second portrait of Roubiliac "executing the bust of Garrick," which is now at the Garrick Club. This is probably the picture which was sold at Christie's in

1883 for £32 11s. These two portraits of Roubiliac show us Soldi at his best. They are also the best portraits of the sculptor that we have, being much better than the one by Carpentiers in the National Portrait Gallery.

Another portrait painted by Soldi in 1751 was that of William Defesch, the music-master, which belonged to Thomas Hollis, one of Canaletto's patrons. This was engraved, as were several others of Soldi's portraits.

In 1761 we find Soldi exhibiting at the Society of Artists, among other works, "His Own Portrait." This may have been the one painted in 1743 and described above. He was elected a Fellow of the Society in 1765, and exhibited again in the following year, when his address was given in the catalogue as "Piccadilly." In 1769 he showed "A Madonna" at the Exhibition of the Free Society of Artists. From the Papers of the Incorporated Society of Artists, now in the possession of the Royal Academy, we learn that in January 1771 Soldi made an application to the society for relief, and was granted the sum of three guineas. He died soon after this, being then nearly seventy years old. The cost of his funeral, Mr. Whitley tells us, was advanced by Sir Joshua Reynolds out of his own pocket.

## ORIENTAL LUSTRE WARE

By A. J. BUTLER

OVER the origin of lustre ware—Mesopotamian or Egyptian—the controversy, which has never lost its glow, flames with a new intensity today. In the last volume of the "Mémoires de la Mission Archéologique de Perse,"\* the well-known French savant, M. Koechlin, writes a dissertation upon the Muslim ceramics from Susa at the Louvre, and in his chapter on the lustre pottery of that region asserts with fresh conviction his belief that the process of lustre painting arose in Mesopotamia.

He is naturally led to criticize the opinions concerning its Egyptian origin which I have propounded and defended in "Islamic Pottery."† M. Koechlin is far too fair and courteous to misrepresent an opponent

deliberately; yet I venture to think that in some not unimportant points he has done me less than justice. The question at issue can only be decided on an impartial survey and a careful interpretation of *all* the evidence available; whereas M. Koechlin appears to neglect some of the facts which I have produced in evidence and to misunderstand others. For example, he remarks (p. 95) that I have soundly rated Pézard for venturing to speak of lustre in the eighth century. Now, I hold Pézard's work and his memory in far too high honour to be guilty of any such presumptuous disrespect. I did, and do, disagree with his dating of a particular piece (viz. that figured on his p. 60, fig. 5) to the eighth century; but not only have I never doubted the existence of lustre at that time, but I give examples of it, such as the Fouquet vase of Egyptian make,

\* T. XIX, Paris, 1928.

† Ernest Benn, Ltd., London, 1926.



## Oriental Lustre Ware



COPTIC GOLD-LUSTRED VASE WITH WIDE  
ZONE ENCLOSING PEACOCKS, &c., IN CIRCLES

Jinglaze, Ninth Century  
Arab Art Museum, Cairo

which I confidently attribute to that period, though other authorities put it later.

M. Koechlin goes on to say that the ninth-century date given to the Samarran lustre by Dr. Sarre has only half convinced me! This is a strange statement. On p. 44 of "Islamic Pottery" I say: "On the question of early dating there remains, then, the evidence of the discoveries of Samarra, which compel the admission made above that in the ninth century lustre ware of fine and varied quality was known there—probably was produced there"; that examples of fine colour-changing lustre are found there, and that "at that epoch plain lustre, i.e. gold or manganese brown, was known in Mesopotamia generally"; and again (p. 47): "It is clear that colour-changing lustre was known in Samarra at the time of the Samarra caliphate," i.e. ninth century. Surely these are no half-hearted admissions.

The question is again raised of Nâsir-i-Khusrau's evidence for the manufacture in Cairo of colour-changing lustre ware in

A.D. 1046, and I am charged with altering the sense of the well-known passage by inserting the word *also*, thus making a distinction between the translucent ware and the colour-changing ware; whereas M. Koechlin and others contend that only one class of ware is intended — ware at once translucent and coloured with changing lustre. It may be that I am wrong here. I know no Persian, but I have recently taken the opinion of an eminent Persian scholar in Oxford, who holds that the distinction which I have drawn cannot be maintained; that, in other words, the translucent ware and the colour-changing ware are intended to be identical; and in that case M. Koechlin would be right. But, if so, a fresh and, I think, insoluble problem arises. For it is unquestionable that the word used to denote the ware in question, "*sîfalyia*," means *earthenware* and nothing else. Now, earthenware cannot be translucent, baked clay being opaque; but, when covered with a vitreous glaze, of course it is easily lustred by painting with metallic oxide. On the other hand, translucent ware would have to be of a porcelain character, in which body and glaze are



COPTIC VASE FROM UPPER EGYPT

Jinglaze with brownish gold lustre, about Ninth Century  
Victoria and Albert Museum

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fused into a homogeneous mass, and such ware does not take lustre painting. Now, this porcelain, or semi-porcelain, was made at Cairo, and an example of it, shown by Dr. F. R. Martin at the Oxford Oriental Congress in 1928, had the quality of translucency. But there is no known example of a ware at once translucent and lustred except lustred glass. True, Dr. Fouquet thought that his collection contained a piece answering Nâsir's description which figured in his sale catalogue nearly thirty years ago; but no one else ever heard of it or vouched for it, or knows what became of it; so that the conclusion must

my position. How could I possibly argue that evidence for the manufacture of such ware in Cairo in the eleventh century proved the priority of Egypt, when I freely and fully acknowledge that lustre pieces found at Samarra (and Susa) must be dated ninth century? No; my argument goes much farther back, and I show, or try to show, that lustre painting, whether on glass or on pottery, was known in Egypt in Roman times, i.e. before the Arabs conquered the country; whereas nothing of the kind can be shown to have existed in Mesopotamia or Persia. What really matters is to discover traces of the art



EARLY NINTH-CENTURY LUSTRE PLATTERS FROM FORTÂL

Note basin design of Cross and herringbone and dot or mesh work

*Arab Art Museum, Cairo*

be that Fouquet was mistaken. A piece so uniquely rare could hardly have existed and totally disappeared without further notice or record.

There, then, the riddle of Nâsir-i-Khusrau's evidence must rest. I confess that I made rather too much of it. M. Koechlin admits that he knows no example of translucent lustre ware, although he does not deal with the dilemma which I have here set out. However, the question, since the discoveries of Susa and Samarra, has become comparatively unimportant. But when M. Koechlin alleges that I treat Nâsir's text "corrected" as conclusive proof for the Egyptian origin of lustre ware, he strangely misunderstands and misrepresents

going back beyond the ninth century, when it is agreed that it flourished in Iraq and in Egypt alike. This I have endeavoured at some length to do, and to give literary and artistic evidences for lustre in Egypt as far back as the fourth century, when the superb accomplishment of potters and glass-workers was perhaps at its zenith in that country.

Much of this evidence, the result of long and careful research, is passed over by M. Koechlin in total silence—a fact which renders his critique, to say the least, imperfect. Nothing is said of all my instances of Roman lustre except the very doubtful one of a bowl at the British Museum and a lamp at South Kensington from the Wallace collection. The

## Oriental Lustre Ware

beautifully lustred bowl with priest and censer in the Kelekian collection is admittedly Coptic work, and though it is labelled and accepted as ninth century, I should now place it as seventh or eighth; and the well-known Fouquet vase I have dated eighth or ninth century, while M. Koechlin says that he prefers the tenth or eleventh of Migeon or even the twelfth of Kühnel. I can only reply that in this vase there is not a single element of Muslim design; that the spirit is Coptic to the core; and it is

at Susa, and *the excavations there have produced practically nothing which can be assigned to eleventh or twelfth century.* "We confess," says M. Koechlin, "that we cannot comprehend the poverty, or rather the non-existence, of ceramic art at Susa at this period after the brilliant work of the ninth and tenth century."

But on the side of Egypt there is no such break, and evidence accumulates to link its ceramic history together. Dr. H. C. Gallois has lately written a learned and well-reasoned



ANCIENT COPTIC BOWL WITH BRILLIANT LUSTRE  
Probably Seventh or Eighth Century : diameter 8 ft. 8 in.

the product of a time when classical tradition was still a living force with Coptic craftsmen.

Instances can easily be multiplied; and a strong point is the continuity of lustred ceramics in Egypt as compared with the gaps in Mesopotamia. Thus, granted that the accomplished lustre ware found at Susa and Samarra is of the ninth century, M. Koechlin in his Introduction admits very frankly that he cannot explain why the art which was then flourishing in Iraq came to an abrupt end. Samarra was deserted as the capital towards the end of that century; but Susa continued to produce designs common to both cities; yet after the tenth century hardly a single new type is found

paper\* in which he argues for the priority of Egypt in lustre ware with much force and gives additional examples. Dr. F. R. Martin is no less firmly convinced of the truth of that theory, and he had lately on view at Faenza a collection of very early fragments of lustred ceramics and lustred glass, some of which he pronounces unquestionably Roman-Egyptian, while not a single specimen of the kind has ever been discovered in Mesopotamia. Dr. Martin's account of his exhibits at Faenza and of his recent acquisitions will excite keen interest among art critics as well as among lovers of near-Eastern pottery.

\* In the French art magazine, *Arethuse*, for last October.



# THE NEW MUSEUM IN PALAZZO VENEZIA, ROME

By YOÏ MARAINI

**P**ALAZZO Venezia, in Rome, was built by Cardinal Barbo, later Pope Paul II, a Venetian and a lover of precious stones. Begun in 1455, from designs by Meo del Caprino and Giacomo da Pietrasanta, much of the material with which it was built was taken from the Colosseum. In 1564 it was presented, by Pius IV, to the Venetian Re-

public and came, in this manner, into the possession of Austria. In 1916 it became Italian State property. Lately it has been decided to use it for official functions of the State, a floor being reserved for the use of guests of the State. The internal part of the building has been much changed; that is to say, it has been brought back to its original condition, for, during the Austrian occupation, many large rooms were cut up to make a number of small ones. The old Papal rooms have been restored and made into what is, and I do not think I am exaggerating, the most beautiful museum in the world. Prof. Federico Hermanin, who is responsible for the arrangement of these rooms, has succeeded in carrying out perfectly an ideal, and that is, to make these State apartments not only a museum of beautiful objects, but also an exquisite and dignified setting, Roman in their grandeur, for receptions given by the State. They give us, as Tridenti, the writer, says, "the impression of being the rooms of a great gentleman who is gifted with something of the shrewdness of a collector." Prof. Hermanin has mixed antiques with copies of the old, being



SALA DEL MAPPAMONDO IN THE PALAZZO VENEZIA  
Recently restored, revealing decorations by Mantegna which had been previously obscured

obliged to do so in the matter of wall coverings and tiles for the floors, also for electric lighting. But he has done this without giving that sense of straining for an effect that is the fault of foreigners who decorate old Italian houses with real and spurious antiques.

The "Sala del Mappamondo," 18 metres by 15 metres in size, cleared of its eighteenth- and nineteenth- century

paintings, shows once again the frescoes of Mantegna, with the arms of Innocent VIII painted in the centre of a long wall. Here the floor, perfectly in keeping with the room, is covered with mosaics designed by Pietro Archiardi, and though following the themes of mosaics in ancient Roman baths, they show the character of modern drawing. This room and the "Sala del Consistorio" are the two largest in the palace, and even for Rome appear to be of enormous dimensions. The maiolica pavements—copies of Deruta, Faenza, and Urbino tiles, wonderful in their deep, rich colour—are the work of Saltelli, the Roman potter. The velvet on the walls—perfect copies of ancient velvets, plain with a different colour woven through the background, giving an effect of light and movement—was made near Naples. The candelabras and lamps have been designed by different Roman artists, keeping strictly to the style of the various rooms. In the room of Paul II, where armour is now placed, Prof. Hermanin has got an original effect by covering the huge windows with blue silk curtains. The light, filtering through on to the steel-grey armour, gives a surprising charm to the room.







## *The New Museum in Palazzo Venezia, Rome*

Amongst the other beautiful objects with which the rooms are decorated is the travelling writing-case, in leather, once the property of Cardinal Barbo. Prof. Hermanin was lucky enough to find this in an antiquary's shop.

The furniture, all chosen pieces of a high order of excellence, is also useful for the study of rare examples of the best Italian carpentry. The pictures are interesting and well-chosen

works of art. Simone Martini, Melozzo da Forlì, Stefano da Zevio, Antoniazio Romeno, Michele Giambono, Cosimo Rosselli, and Francesco Napoletano are amongst the painters whose works hang on the walls. Sculpture consists, chiefly, in carved wooden figures of the Abruzzi and Florentine schools placed, with decorative effect, against the deep velvet of the walls.

## HERALDRY OF THE WOOL-WEIGHTS

By REV. E. E. DORLING, F.S.A.

THE illustrations to Major Dent's article on Bronze Wool-weights in *APOLLO* for July suggest the following notes on the heraldic adornment of those objects. The author observes that the exceptional position of the wool-weights among the Exchequer standards is proved by the fact that they were cast with the royal arms; but he does not mention that the royal arms are represented wrongly in no fewer than five out of the twelve examples which he illustrates. It may perhaps be of interest to your readers if you will allow me, while noting the departures from correctness, to offer a few remarks on the decoration of these interesting things.

For the treatment of heraldic design, like that of any other ornament, is an unfailing index to the mentality of those who achieve it. It reflects the taste of the day in which it is made; if it is correct it argues care and a desire for accuracy on the part of the designer; if it is well drawn from good medieval models it shows that he has an eye for balance and proportion, and is anxious to do his work as well as he can. His work naturally and necessarily mirrors his own individuality and idiosyncrasies; but, making due allowance for these personal elements, it is safe to say that careful work based on good models will always be good work.

The earliest weight that is figured in Major Dent's paper is one of the time of Henry VII (Fig. I), now in the Museum of Archaeology at Cambridge. It is adorned with a boldly incised shield of the familiar arms of France quartering England, which were borne by the sovereigns of this country between 1405 and 1603. The cutting is rude but vigorous, and it still retains a touch of the medieval. This heraldry is better work than that shown in the second issue of Elizabeth (Fig. IX) formerly in the collection of Colonel Croft-Lyons and now in the Victoria and Albert Museum. Here the arms are in relief. The execution is ruder even than that of Fig. I; but rough as it is, there remains in it something of the old tradition which makes it pleasantly attractive.

It is interesting to compare it with the royal shield of Elizabeth's first issue (Fig. X) from Sir Walter Fletcher's collection, which is a poor piece of design, entirely lacking in the rugged force shown by the maker of the mould for the queen's second issue.

The weight of James I's reign (Fig. VI), in Major Dent's

own collection, shows a similar shield of that king's arms with no other decoration. The arms are correctly given—Quarterly: (1 and 4) France quartering England; (2) Scotland; (3) Ireland.

In the weight of Charles I (Fig. XI), also belonging to Major Dent, the designer has taken a long step forward. He has developed the designs of his predecessors by adding a nobly-drawn crown, royal supporters, and, with a pretty play of fancy, he has placed rose, thistle, and shamrock on the scroll upon which the supporters stand. The shield is relatively small. It is charged with the complicated coat of arms borne by the sovereigns of the house of Stuart, executed with admirable precision and clearness, and with the same correctness which distinguishes the big shield on the James I weight.

A word may be permitted on the genesis of this royal coat of the Stuarts. When James of Scotland succeeded Queen Elizabeth in 1603 as king of England, it became necessary (heraldically speaking) to express in the royal arms the style of the new sovereign who was "King of England, Scotland, France, and Ireland."

The simplest way to do this would have been to place on a shield of four quarters, such as Elizabeth and her Plantagenet and Tudor predecessors had carried, England in the first quarter, Scotland in the second, France in the third, and Ireland in the fourth. But the old arms of the king were dear to the English folk. They were hallowed by the memories and the associations of two centuries, and it was felt quite properly that they must be retained in their venerable order intact. But Scotland and Ireland must needs be introduced. So in the great quartered shield of the arms of the new king, France and England, still associated in their ancient form, were placed in the first and fourth quarters; the lion and tressure of Scotland took the second quarter; and the golden harp of Ireland with its silver strings on a blue field went into the third quarter, where, in spite of the many alterations which have been made in the royal arms since the accession of the Stuarts, it has remained until today.

As a piece of heraldic design the device upon this Caroline weight is entirely satisfactory. The fortunate possessor of this little work of art may be congratulated on owning what is incomparably the most successful example of an armorial achievement that this series of weight has to show.



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In the Cromwellian weight (Fig. XII), which Major Dent also owns, the royal arms, crown, and supporters have naturally disappeared. They are replaced by a boldly designed pattern of scroll work in which are set two cartouches charged respectively with the cross of St. George for England and the harp for Ireland.

This was the device of the Commonwealth parliament, which professed to represent England with its dependency Ireland alone, and to have no concern with Scotland. The St. George's cross and the Irish harp are shown thus, set side by side, on a naval flag of Cromwell's time, still preserved as a treasured relic at Chatham. But the Commonwealth did not (heraldically) disregard the existence of Scotland. Oliver's great seal has a quartered shield: (1 and 4) St. George's cross for England; (2) St. Andrew's saltire for Scotland; (3) the harp for Ireland, with a scutcheon in pretence of his paternal arms of Cromwell.



ROYAL ARMS OF WILLIAM AND MARY

To return to the heraldry of the wool-weights. So far, the armorial adornment of those that we have examined is correct. But when we come to the next in chronological order, namely, the first issue of William and Mary (Fig. IV), we see that in the mind of the designer the correctness of his heraldry has ceased to be a matter of real importance. He shows, indeed, a quartered shield of (1) England; (2) Scotland; (3) Ireland; (4) France; with supporters (very curiously elongated and badly designed), crown, royal cypher, and the royal motto, *Dieu et mon droit*. But he has gone wildly astray in his representation of the royal arms. During this reign the shield of the king and queen was that of the Stuart sovereigns (correctly shown, as we have seen, in Figs. VI and XI), with a little scutcheon in pretence of King William's hereditary arms of Nassau.

The same mistake appears in the second issue of William and Mary (Fig. III), and in that of William III reigning alone after Mary's death (Fig. V). In these two examples

the supporters show a similar ugly lack of proportion; the ribbon on which they stand has lost the words of the king's motto.

One asks oneself what can have been in the mind of the men who made the moulds for these weights, and what possessed the officials who passed and used them. They must all have known perfectly well that this very simple and really very beautiful invention of theirs did not represent the royal arms borne by the king and queen. I, who have just drawn William and Mary's shield by way of illustrating these notes, and know well what a difficult task it represents, hazard the guess that the designers were ignorant and careless fellows who did not know their job, or, if they did, shirked it, and that the officials were too slack to put them right. They had not even sufficient imagination to follow the order of the titles in the royal style, for William and Mary were monarchs "of England, Scotland, France, and Ireland," as the Jameses and the Charleses had been; and these wisacres have arranged the quarters—England, Scotland, Ireland, France. Is it not true, as I began by saying, that heraldic ornament is a sure index to the mentality of the designer?

The first issue of George I (Fig. VIII) continues the tradition of the William and Mary weights, giving the same attenuated supporters and displaying the arms incorrectly. George I on his accession to the throne of England had assumed a quarterly shield, showing (1) England impaling Scotland; (2) France; (3) Ireland; (4) Hanover; and this arrangement of the armorials was continued by his two successors until the year 1801. George III's first issue (Fig. VII), though rather worn, shows the marshalling of the quarters as George I actually bore them; it is more clearly visible in the fine weight of that king's second issue. The lion and unicorn on George III's first issue are better modelled and more naturalistic than those on the tod-weights of William and Mary. The motto-ribbon shown in the latter is replaced by scroll-work.

In the second issue of George III (Fig. II) we see a design of much more modern character, evidently the work of a more competent hand. But the maker of this spirited design has tripped in one small particular. He shows the whole of the Scottish tressure, whereas that part of it nearest to the impalement line should have been omitted.

What is perhaps the most remarkable feature of these armorial designs is that the garter does not appear in a single one of them. This is a very striking omission, for the badge of the most noble order had been, since Henry VIII's time, so constantly associated with the royal arms as to be regarded as an integral part of the king's achievement.

The various representations of the royal crown are of much interest. That of Charles I (Fig. XI) is a fine example of a crown of the Tudor pattern with eight arches, which number seems to have been usual until the accession of Charles II. During the Commonwealth the royal crowns were broken up, and at the Restoration a new crown of England, called by the old name, St. Edward's crown, was made. It is still part of the regalia. From the circlet, which is heightened by four crosses formy and as many fleurs-de-lis, rise four ogée arches depressed at the point of junction where stands the orb surmounted by a cross. Four arches, be it observed; yet the three representations of William and Mary's crown show eight arches, as also does that on the first issue of George I (Fig. VIII). Only in the two issues of George III is the crown shown correctly.



## LETTER FROM PARIS

By ANDRÉ SALMON

THE season has ended under the sign of Utrillo. There has been a great vogue for this great artist, one of the most perfect masters of the material, who is led by a vision that is by turns mystical and fairy-like, that is to say, supernal and supernatural (in the sense that Goethe gave it in his second "Faust"), and is always at the service of direct expression.

This great vogue was the result of the splendid exhibition of "Churches" by Maurice Utrillo at the Portique Gallery. Nothing is more moving than the passion for the houses of God evinced by this profound artist, this rare visionary, who is at the same time a loyal artisan, though everyone knows now, alas! that he is not in the full possession of his reason. I should say that he has preserved in a supreme degree that quality which the Belgian poet, Fernand Severin, defined in the already far-off days of symbolism as *the gift of childishness*.

Sometimes the dear, innocent creature is tormented by a demon, and to the despair of his admirers Utrillo spoils his beautiful bare landscapes or the thresholds of his cathedrals with a group of aggressively rotund female figures. That, at least, is what is generally said. I take the liberty of not holding this opinion and of allowing myself to be profoundly moved by this imperious introduction of humanity, however brutal it may be. But the collectors of Utrillo and, above all, the dealers have another and a more legitimate cause for anxiety. If this poor genius is not carefully watched he indulges in the terrible whim of covering his foreground with a childlike signature which he has found a distressing way of prolonging: *Maurice Utrillo Valadon*. If he is able to add the date and an indication of the place, his fatal delight knows no bounds.

And yet it would be wrong to speak of Utrillo's *naïveté*. Or it must be understood in what sense. Genius can never be naïve with the *naïveté* of the common herd. M. André Lhote, as clear-sighted in criticism as he is in painting, has written very justly on the subject of the intellectual and mercantile speculation of which those occasional and ignorant painters, those amateurs without any preparation who are called Sunday painters here, have become the object. This is what André Lhote says: "The only *naïveté* that counts is that which makes the technician, who submits the world to the pressure of his system of analysis, believe that he alone can see. I like to see Monet discovering an unsuspected America in the Seine at Argenteuil."

Had no one before him looked at this universal fluidity of fields, skies, trees, and waters? What madman before had amused himself by establishing the ground, fixing the tree-trunks to the earth, the leaves to the branches? I like Van Gogh and the ghosts which his hallucination over nature shows him at the turn of every road; I like, above all, the delicate *spectres* which Seurat, with his mania for analysis and calculation, *copies* with the good faith of a veritable primitive in the bushes of the Grande Jatte. That is the real miracle: cultured men who suddenly become credulous and naïve like children in front of their

easels and take the fantasies born of their sensations for realities.

Père Corot painted nymphs dancing in the meadows of Barbizon and Ville d'Avray, and he maintained that he saw them.

The glorious officials whom the bewildered tourist meets today at Versailles kept prudently away from such difficult problems. The spectacle offered by the "Exhibition of the Third Republic" at the Versailles Museum is most depressing. At the command of the Under-Secretary of State for Fine Art, the directors of our museum of historical painting have organized for the whole summer an exhibition of portraits of celebrities, especially political celebrities of the Third Republic. The portraits belonging to the museum are arranged in the ground floor galleries of the central portion of the palace. The collection is completed with temporary loans from other museums, the Louvre, the Petit Palais, from public institutions and private owners.

Unfortunately, in the realm of political portraiture the Third Republic coincides with the reign of the bituminous Bonnat. This Bonnat, to whom all the honours fell, appears to us today rather more wretched than the countless photographers who raise their trade so successfully to the standard of the major arts. Had M. Baschet, of the Institute, more genius than Bonnat? He had rather less, but there is no mystery in his case; while in Bonnat, his will is rather disconcerting. Indeed, this bequest gave the nation that museum of Bayonne, the Bonnat collection, consisting almost entirely of examples of the liberal art which Bonnat's instruction in the Ecole des Beaux-Arts, as well as his frigid, false masterpieces, denied so glaringly!

Though not the most solid nor the most delicate work of that uncertain impressionist, J. F. Raffaelli, his portrait of Clemenceau on the platform at a public meeting is one of the few paintings which save the honour of the Third Republic.

Let us proclaim, however, that even if the public powers continue to lack courage in allotting official commissions, the evil spell has nevertheless been broken since the day when, on the occasion of the fiftieth anniversary of the Republic, the then President, M. Alexandre Millerand, made the vaults of the Panthéon resound with the name of Cézanne and Manet.

If you cross the Channel, do not fail, while strolling along the boulevards, to visit a new museum that is situated in the most unexpected manner above the annexe of one of the great stores and attracts the passer-by with a pleasant tricolour flag composed of faded tints of delicate blue, white, and old rose silk, fringed with gold, like a festive banner. It is the Musée Cognacq-Jay founded by the wish of the late M. Cognacq, the opulent proprietor of the "Magazin de la Samaritaine."

There has been a great deal of discussion about the position of the gallery. Stress has been laid on the danger of fire arising out of the proximity of the shop. Some have

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seen a posthumous manifestation of the testator's vanity in installing his collections over the counters. This seems to me poor reasoning.

Starting as a small employee in a draper's shop, a *calicot*, as they say in Paris, M. Cognacq, who married a little saleswoman, Mlle. Jay, made his colossal fortune entirely alone. The spin of this prodigious elevation left him but little time to devote to the things of the spirit. M. Cognacq liked to relate that for forty years he passed in front of the Louvre daily without ever having time to go in and look round, or even think of doing so.

Having become a nabob, M. Cognacq filled his house with works of art because it is the custom for nabobs to do so. Then, it is said, he had a revelation of beauty. It is in order that his humble colleagues in the draper's shop—the *calicots* of 1929, the small employees, the *midinettes*, and also the hurried business men—should not have to wait forty years like he did that M. Cognacq wanted to place his museum on their way.

M. Cognacq did not know everything about the fine arts. It was, above all, the eighteenth century that won his heart, and this justifies the delicate faded colours of the flag, a flag fit for a *fête galante*.

The collections have been arranged on three floors in nine little galleries decorated with panelling coming partly from the Château d'Eu, belonging to the Orleans family, partly from the estate of Prince Berthier de Wagram. The woodwork is, by common consent, admitted to be very fine but rather dark, and therefore not an advantageous background for the paintings.

There are a few paintings of the English school, a few of the Italian, but some very good works of the second rank by Boucher, "Le Retour de Chasse de Diane"; a "Portrait of Mlle. de Norenval" and a "Pierrette" by Fragonard; a "Portrait of la Présidente de Rieux," portraits of the Marquis and Marquise de Bérenger; works by Perronneau, Mme. Vigée-Lebrun; some drawings by Watteau, some Greuzes.

Gainsborough, Hoppner, Reynolds, Lawrence are represented.

Sculpture plays a rather meagre part. Though all the pieces in the collection are choice, and combine to give a perfect lesson in taste, none of the masters present—some of whom were "beacons," as Baudelaire used to say—is represented by a work of capital importance. And here arises the malicious thought that M. Cognacq, the rich man who had attained to plastic joys late in life, had to pay rather more for all this than was reasonable. But what of that if for him, in his candour, his collection could not be composed of anything but masterpieces?

Pierre Benoit's famous novel "L'Atlantide" has brought the Hoggar, the still sufficiently mysterious oasis of Touaregs, into fashion. M. Dubois has visited the Hoggar. He has brought back with him conscientious paintings which show a good Orientalist and nothing more; but his exhibition enjoyed a very great success as a curiosity.

I now want to speak to you of a singular artist whose fame is growing from day to day without his ever having tried to ensure it by any brilliant manifestation. He is one of those foreigners who came, like so many others, to try their luck in Paris and, above all, to experience this climate, which is regarded as the most favourable. The Pole, Menkès, held his first exhibition, together with some of his countrymen, six years ago in the Galerie du Sacre du Printemps, which has revealed many talents without ever

enjoying the success it deserves. Such is the injustice of fate.

It was there that I first noticed this painter, who proceeded from Dufy, but who it seemed certain had something personal to say. Immediately after, Menkès exhibited at the Salon d'Automne. He showed a work that was already more accomplished. I think that at that time nothing had yet been written about him except the preface which, in my enthusiasm, I improvised in a notebook at the Sacre du Printemps. At the Salon d'Automne a Parisian collector, M. Mazaraki, not only wanted to buy the canvas, but also wanted to make the artist's acquaintance. After a quite romantic search he succeeded in finding him—in a hospital!

Since then, M. Mazaraki, who owns some of the most perfect works by Derain, Dufy, Utrillo, and who discovered and supported the tender Geneviève Gallibert, has not let Menkès out of his sight. He has become his guide. He does not commit the error of giving him advice; the virtues of Menkès being mainly lyrical, it would be dangerous to guide him too directly. But he keeps him going, he encourages and torments him good-naturedly, he gives him no peace, and no doubt he triumphs by an exquisite ruse over certain unfortunate privileges of this good Slav and Jewish soul.

Appearing twenty years after the great plastic revolution Menkès brings us a great deal more than harmonious continuity. We may expect from this young talent some new departure guaranteed by the bitterest researches of yesterday. Menkès is full of joy and ardour, and, fortunately, his spiritual *élan* resolves itself always in formal plasticity.

Form and colour unite in a providential manner in works like "Romeo and Juliet" and "La Femme au Vase." Next season I shall have occasion to return to the art of Menkès, on whom certain monographs are being prepared by French critics. Now I will only say that he will fulfil many hopes in giving us henceforth sure signs of the expected conjunction of the light dispensed by Cézanne's austere "Minerva" and Renoir's familiar "Dionysos." The friend who hustles Menkès in a brotherly manner will be able to remind him, firmly if necessary, that the formation of a talent like his cannot proceed without dangers. Too much doctrine and too much abandonment to instinct would be equally destructive to Menkès. His fine and hard fate will consist in ceaselessly watching in order that his reason should become not a regent of his lyricism, but an untiring guardian of such a flame.

One of the finest compliments that Menkès has deserved is that his sensual palette, rich in prudently calculated tones, belongs to him alone and enables one to recognize him by it.

An important Parisian gallery is about to disappear; at least it will be so radically transformed as to amount almost to disappearance. It is the Georges Petit Gallery, which, alone with the Hôtel Drouot, had the privilege of holding important auctions. The Georges Petit Gallery is to become a new temple of modern art, of living art, which is growing more and more triumphant in spite of its recent detractors.

Doubtless, the Georges Petit Gallery was the last of the great galleries, assured of a faithful public (more on account of fashion than for the love of art), which welcomed the manifestations of an academism that was long ago out of date. Still, it would be unjust to regard it as the citadel of "pompiérism." Sometimes there were liberal exhibitions at







## Letter from Paris

Georges Petit's, and impressionism was well received there while still in the thick of its battles. The last exhibition at the Galerie Georges Petit, though it did not altogether seduce us, deserves a tribute. It was the exhibition of Armand Point. Armand Point! That sounds very old! But it is unjust to neglect too much all that Armand Point, whose dream of the Renaissance was fairly naive, contributed at a certain undecided moment to the young of his day. Armand Point belonged to the *fin de siècle* period, was strongly impressed by symbolism; and in this connection it should be recalled that he was the friend of some good poets of his day, from Stuart Merrill to Paul Dort. George Moore knew him, and visited him in his hermitage at Marlotte.

If Armand Point never became the great painter, the subtle and sumptuous master that he dreamed himself to be, he at least gave a happy impulse to decorative art which was just awakening from a long sleep.

But the works that Armand Point exhibited at Georges

Petit's were pictures—"Apollo and Daphne," "Psyche," "La Jeune Fille au Miroir," etc. The sight of these pictures transported one inevitably to the Quartier Latin of twenty-five years ago—the old quarter with its decadent libraries and its *art nouveau* jewellers, whose jewels were never made of very precious metal.

Where will an old artist like Armand Point—who never became as great as his dream and who continues to conceive on a vast and sublime scale—exhibit in the future?

It is a melancholy situation. We do not want to be cruel to the old painter; nor do we want to betray those for whom we have fought so hard, and who are so far removed from *modern style* and false renaissances. . . .

Let us hope that the Petit Palais will acquire a series of his drawings, which, though a little cold, are a fine example of loyalty, and the examination of which may serve to arouse in some of the most gifted among us that desire for a high culture with which we are not always sufficiently concerned.

## LETTER FROM BERLIN

By OSCAR BIE

A TRICKLE of exhibitions continues from the winter into the summer. The collection of portraits in the old Schinkel "Bauakademie" has been rearranged. Flechtheim is showing modern art from Rhenish private collections; there is a remarkable collection of inherited works of art shown by the descendants of famous fathers and uncles at Wasservogel's; but one is most interested in the memorial exhibition of Ernst Oppler arranged by the Secession. The clean, elegant, rhythmical work of this artist, who died in his prime, enters into us like music. There is nothing very great in his art, but something very personal and alive. He paints portraits, seaside studies, still-lives; but one subject grips us most intimately both in painting and in drawing, and that is his studies of dancing. He became the painter of the Russian Ballet, and his works in this line are imperishable; his etchings of the ballet have become a piece of art history. They fill me with delight again and again.

They are not mere illustrations, representing that which has been seen; they are not studies of movement only setting down on paper the rhythmical apparatus of the dances. They are independent works of art, inspired by reality and retaining the personal rhythm of movement; but they are, nevertheless, the result of creative achievement that communicates the peculiar fragrance of the original Russian Ballet. The pages are full of music, and are not so much portraits as renderings of the impressions left in our minds. It was a great time. The Russians once again aroused European interest for dancing, which had become an ossified entertainment. They built on tradition, and yet they had the revolution in them, which refreshed their art in every direction. They submitted to wonderful discipline, yet their ensemble included a series of personalities under the discipline of the imaginative Fokin. There were several branches of the art that grew from the main stem, the more virtuosic conception around Pavlova

and the stronger emphasis on the complete art of dancing around Nijinsky and Karsavina. It was an intoxication and a triumph of the ballet to which we look back with emotion, even now that the Diaghileff troupe has entered a new phase of its development.

Oppler composes his studies in various ways. Some are solo studies; some, ensembles or mass scenes; others, genre studies of the rehearsals or groups behind the scenes. He employs black or white according to the effect he is aiming at. When dealing with the figure only, he draws it in black or white; but when he is trying to express the delicate shimmer of the gauze ballet skirts he uses white which gleams against the dark background. He never over-emphasizes character in the direction of mime or rhythm. He endeavours to express the grace and lightness of movement even in his drawings of figures at rest. They are not snapshots, but slow experiences. The sweat of study, the difficulties of the training have been overcome; there remains only the living grace of the phenomenon. It is an art that is feminine rather than masculine.

The wonderful pages dealing with Pavlova are inspired by her most famous dances: the dying swan, which has been so often imitated, the butterfly, the Bacchante; and they are all variations on a very serious type of dancer. The greatest dancer of all, she finds the final expression of movement in a perfect unity in the symphony of her limbs, and animates this form with her extraordinary dramatic talent. In representing the butterfly flying up, the swan drooping down, Oppler has already departed from the realistic study, and has gained in some of his drawings ideal elevations of the human body which appear to be rhythmical poems whiffed down in a few strokes, in fact, graphic translations of the unsurpassed perfection of the phenomenon of a toe-dancer in graceful movement. Then we turn to the large portrait head of Pavlova in which the soul of this dancer is intimately revealed to us as the symbol of human destiny.

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Karsavina is another type, more agile, freer, and gayer. We see her privately making up in grandiose intimacy, or stepping out with lightly skirted grace in the rococo ballets where she dances a *pas de deux* with Vladimiroff, unites herself with Nijinsky in the unforgettable spirit of the "Rose," or in Schumann's delightful "Carnival." Can we still see the spirit Nijinsky float down on to the stage from above? Is that charming little drama that Fokin composed in the Biedermeier style around Schumann's "Carnival" still remembered? Night after night we used to sit there and feel for Pierrot while he dreamed by the prompter's box in front of the waltzing couples, or for Nijinsky's Harlequin when he lays his confession before Karsavina's Columbine. It is painfully beautiful to conjure up the stage of those days before these pictures.

The white host of the Sylphides sweeps across the stage; the massed ensembles in the Polovetsky dances, in Scheherazade, in the Lake of Swans stir our emotions. The artist has fixed them in those collected moments when passion, law, and charm met on the stage. Then he takes us for a moment behind the scenes and shows us the groups of dancers waiting in their professional attire or in historical costumes before the loosening of their inner forces. Or he takes us back to the rehearsals, where the dancers practise partly in everyday dress, partly in costume, while Fokin controls their efforts, holding the music in his hands, and Richard Strauss accompanies the rehearsal of the "Legend of Joseph" on the piano; this was at the time of the first performance in Paris, in those blissful days before the war. The whole field of the ballet is covered, from the first motion of the rehearsal to the final accomplishment of the performance. The draughtsman has compressed the world of the stage into his own art and has created a record of a great experience which will be all the more lasting since that, too, was an experience in its own art.

Klemperer gave a performance of Stravinsky. The eagerness with which the audience greeted and applauded both proved the victory of this type of art. Stravinsky himself played a pianoforte concerto which stands midway between his former interests for wind and jazz and the more recent classical stage. He plays like he writes—in a dry, sharp, and objective manner; and his piano had just that neutral tone that belongs to this orchestra of wind instruments, basses, and drums with its ultra-modern colour or, rather, colourlessness. The combination of dance, jazz, and concert music is harmonious and original. Before that, Klemperer played the music to Stravinsky's last ballet "Apollo Musegetes," which is only for string instruments, as a reaction against his wind period, but with the most accurate directions for the fingering in order that no expression of emotion might find its way into this semi-archaic series of variations which unite to an even greater degree than the Pergolese ballet the melancholy beauty of the old forms with modern polyphony. Lastly, the "Noces" was played for the first time in Berlin—this national Russian music of wedding songs for chorus, solo quartet, and four pianos, perhaps the cleverest and at the same time the most substantial work that Stravinsky has written; pure music with imagination and daring in the conduction, union, and isolation of the voices, which would cause even Moussorgsky and Janáček to bow down before it.

Klemperer had already played Stravinsky's "Apollo," but this time the sharp transparency of the execution was finer, and then Diaghileff came and presented the same

piece a few nights later in its original form as a ballet. Ausermet, of Geneva, conducted the orchestra of the Municipal Opera. He cannot attain Klemperer's force and precision. Nor did the stage picture of the dances fulfil our expectations of the new classical style that marks the present tendency in Paris. Balanchin is Diaghileff's new dancing master, and his system, which consists of transforming physical exercises, eccentric gymnastics, and variety groups into dances, is the latest form of Parisian stage dancing. He isolates a limb in an expressionistic manner, emphasizes contrary rather than parallel movements, and develops to the highest possibility all the motives in which forms cross one another, as in lifting, ascending, climbing, carrying, supporting, and crawling. At the same time the experiences of the old school are not neglected, and the results are some remarkable combinations as, for example, that of toe-dancing with modern steps. There are excellent soloists in the company (among the men Lifar and Dolin are new), and accomplished dancers such as Danilova, Nikitina, Sokolova, and the grotesque, incomparable Woizkovsky. But the ensemble is not quite as accurate and united as it used to be. The gymnastic theory stands out too nakedly in "Apollo;" the final blending with fantasy that would give charm to the new classical development is wanting. That night Stravinsky's "Spring" was also performed, with its music of elemental Russian, barbaric, and heathen rhythms and tunes to which Massine's choreography corresponds less than Sokolova's achievement in her orgiastic solo. The evening was opened with Rieti's "Ball," an elegant piece of taste in which gymnastics and fashionable elements are perfectly blended with Chirico's expressionistic decorations.

Diaghileff's performance in the Municipal Opera was, perhaps, more interesting. Besides the well-known Polovetsky dances and a delightful solo scene, "La Chatte," Stravinsky's "Nightingale" was given as an exotic dance with very artistic costumes by Matisse, and, above all, the "Prodigal Son" with music by Prokofiev, who this time stands at the summit of all Diaghileff's productions. Here Balanchin has produced not only a perfect unity of motives in gymnastics, steps and grace notes of the old school, but he has thrown out such fantasy of intense movement that mechanics and culture unite in the most wonderful dance-painting of our time. The *Quattrocentist* taste in archaic elegance revealed by Dubrovskaya as the temptress, the leaping vitality of her sportive companion, the statue of the father, the capacity for transformation even in the properties, which also dance—that is a height of art, the result of tradition and revolution from which the central significance of the dance for the modern stage can be understood. Just here, at the summit of the festival, the public was remarkably reserved.

As the first operette of the festival the Metropolitan produced Offenbach's "Bluebeard" with considerable success. Judging by the style of the house one might have expected a pompous modern adaptation with addition of revue and jazz, but happily the original was very closely adhered to with only slight retouches; and the performance proved that this priceless parody of the Bluebeard fairy-tale, with its clever and sparkling music, is still very much alive today. True, Max Roth, who produced the work with the greatest devotion, had a very interesting cast at his disposal. Slezak sang the part of Bluebeard with the whole power of his voice, but at the same time with a slight underpainting of parody, so that the pathos never



## Letter from Berlin

became too heavy, and his fate finally resolved itself into a contented smile. Käthe Dorsch was the most remarkable Boulotte there has ever been—as usual, charming and naïve as a peasant girl, and as Bluebeard's wife brightened by a disbelief in her fate, and an irony in her own passionate singing with which she masked her somewhat insufficient technique behind the purpose not to take the music too seriously. Bendow, as the imbecile prince, Rex as Popolani with his quiet human kindness, Morgan as the experienced minister, Andar as the graceful princess, Sikla as the comfortable king, and Josefine Dora his fat wife—all these were as much worth seeing as hearing. They received very stormy applause and there was great rejoicing.

The German theatre was filled with a happy audience ready to applaud when the summer season opened with a performance of the "Fledermaus," produced by Reinhardt himself with the assistance of Mme. Adele, which was so warmly welcomed that at the end Reinhardt and his artists had to acknowledge enthusiastic applause. It is safe to say at the outset that it was the most living performance of the "Fledermaus" that we have ever heard. The great producer transformed it into a real drama with the support of first-rate actors, good singers, and a stage technique that knows all the tricks of the day. Of course, it is an encroachment on a masterpiece that cannot be unreservedly defended or imitated; but the alterations were so brilliant that at the time of the performance they caused only delight and laid all misgivings. By means of a revolving stage we were shown first a prologue in the style of the Viennese waltz, then Rosalinde's room; in the second act the courtyard of Orlovsky's castle, then the garden room and a magnificent banquet hall; the third act only revolved in the heads of the tipsy figures. Kainer has designed the settings with extraordinary taste and quite in the style of the good old Vienna days, almost in the

Biedermeier manner; and the costumes, too, are in keeping. Orlovsky has become a sort of degenerate Erzherzog, and Karlweis played him as a wonderful character study; the part had been extended and the last lines of the couplet, "Chacun à son goût," excuse this alteration and excuse Reinhardt's good humour which has created this "Fledermaus." Small additions appear here and there in the dialogue; sometimes they have been prettily set to music. The scenes are underpainted and combined with all sorts of waltz reminiscences out of Johann Strauss's album; in one place only is quite an extraneous piece included—a scene in which Rosalinde is undressing, with a delightful polka from Ritter Pazman. Korngold conducted and played the piano with a fine sense of style. The great feast became a stage cabinet picture—a truly turbulent mass of people in the most unrestrained drinking and dancing mood, and with admirably graceful waltzes danced by Grete Wiesen-thal. It was quite intoxicating. The humour of the best artists sparkled everywhere. Hermann Thimiez was, perhaps, a little too thick in his speech; Wallburg as the prison keeper simply ordered everyone about; Tibor von Halmay as Falke showed incredible animation in word, tone, and dancing; Danegger as the advocate had an extended part; Moser as Frosch showed the most delicate gaiety. But what of the singing? That is, of course, the drawback. Some of the actors got on as best they could, but Thimiez had to remain silent in the ensemble, and had even to miss out his lines in the drinking song. The real singers compensated for this. Maria Rajdl was the best Rosalinde that has ever been, and did not even leave out the Czardas; Jöken made an excellent Alfred, Adele Kern a very acceptable Adele. The singers themselves were astonished at the way they came to life dramatically under this management. If it sinned against the "Fledermaus" it was perfectly delightful.

## BOOK REVIEWS

THE PENN COUNTRY AND THE CHILTERN. By RALPH M. ROBINSON. Illustrated by CHARLES J. BATHURST. (London: John Lane.) 15s.

This is—at all events for those who enjoy country rambles (an ever-decreasing number, one fears, in these days of motoring and the ruthless by-pass roads)—a most delightful book of the "come with me" kind. After an inviting introductory chapter entitled "Sanctuary," in which the writer creates the right mood of the Quaker country in the reader, author and illustrator take the reader into their midst, and together they ramble from the Jordans via Ashridge into Oxfordshire, parting company at Ewelme on the ancient Icknield Way, and parting with regret. Both writer and illustrator evidently know their country and love it, and their own quiet and serene enjoyment infects the reader. The book will therefore please even those who have no special associations with the Penn country. We have only two slight criticisms to make. Mr. Bathurst's watercolour drawings in monochrome are distinguished by the subtlety of their tone values: these reproductions do not always render accurately, nor are they

helped by the cold, greenish ground on which they are printed. The addition of a map of the district would have been a distinct advantage.

REPAIR OF ANCIENT BUILDINGS, by A. R. POWYS, Secretary of the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings. (London: J. M. Dent and Sons, Ltd.) 7s. 6d. net.

No one could be better qualified to expound this subject than the author of this book, who is the secretary of the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings. The book is "intended to be of use to all who have the care of valuable ancient buildings, or who are in any way concerned with their upkeep."

Mr. Powys writes well and to the point, supporting his advice with numerous illustrations and diagrams. His fear that "the architect may be disappointed that the advice given is not more precise, and the layman may complain that it is too technical," is hardly likely to be justified. The professional expert must know that every case must be treated as a separate problem and cannot



## Apollo: A Journal of the Arts

be entirely provided for in any textbook; whilst, on the other hand, the layman will not only understand the problems involved better after having read this volume, but will even have gained sufficient knowledge to prevent unintelligent repair work which occasionally will be attempted by architects and builders who have no special qualification for their job, and who in the past have often done irreparable damage by their "restorations."

The book is therefore of utmost use to all who are in any way concerned with the preservation of "ancient buildings."

NATIONAL MUSEUM OF WALES: GUIDE TO THE COLLECTION OF WELSH BYGONES. By IORWETH C. PEATE, M.A. (Published by the National Museum of Wales and by the Press Board of the University of Wales.) 1s. 6d.

Things which are not yet old enough to be called "antiques," but which have already passed or are rapidly passing out of use, have been collected in the Cardiff National Museum under the general heading of "Welsh Bygones." The collection, which is temporarily housed in a temporary gallery adjoining the entrance hall, embraces all manner of objects "from a pin to a plough, a loom to a lucifer match; also a certain amount of comparative material from England and Ireland."

For visitors to the collection the Guide is of course indispensable, as many of the objects, though often "common" enough in their time, now need no explanation; but Mr. Peate's Introduction to the catalogue is so uncommonly well done that it makes interesting reading even for those who are unable to inspect the objects. The well-illustrated Guide is therefore strongly recommended to those interested in the manners and customs, in the history and folk-lore, of the Welsh people.

H. F.

### FOREIGN REVIEW SECTION

BY KINETON PARKES

MEISTER DER GRAPHIK. Herausgegeben von HERMANN Voss.

DIE ANFANGE DES KUPFERSTICKS, von MAX GEISBERG. Pp. viii + 81 + plates 74 (illus. 144). Marks 25.

DER MEISTER E. S., von MAX GEISBERG. Pp. iv + 80 + plates 77 (illus. 139). Marks 25.

GUSTAV DORÉ, von G. F. HARTLAUB. Pp. 173 (illus. 141). Marks 24.

LUCAS VAN LEYDEN, von MAX J. FRIEDLÄNDER. Pp. vii + 44 + plates lxxii. Marks 24.

REMBRANDT. Teil I, Radierungen, von RICHARD GRAUL. Large 8vo, pp. x + 34 + plates 200 (illus. 341). Linen. (Leipzig: Klinkhardt and Biermann.) Marks 48.

This monumental series now consists of a dozen volumes, and most of those indicated above have reached a second edition. The series can never be complete any more than it can ever be superseded. It is definitive, it is masterly, it is satisfying. Its possession is a treasure-house, and no collector of prints or drawings will feel happy until he gets it. In addition to the above there are already published Jacques Callot, Francisco de Goya, Charles Meryon, Albrecht Altdorfer and Wolf Huber, Die Nürnberger Kleinmeister, Giovanni Battista Piranesi, Henrik Goltzius, and Peter Flötner. One staggers at the thought of what

the next dozen issues will bring forth: a collection of prints and drawings numbering thousands, reproduced in most cases in perfect process work. But the series is a reference library as well as a prints and drawings collection. Take the Rembrandt etchings volume; condensed from Bartsch and other sources, there are notes to all the prints reproduced, as well as a chronological introduction, and the etchings are satisfactory in size. The Lucas van Leyden volume contains informing small essays on the engravings divided into three periods and on the woodcuts, and the reproductions are the most delicate of the whole series. Max Geisberg's introduction to the beginnings of engraving is particularly valuable, the illustrations to which are quaint, often amusing, sometimes brutal, but artistically and historically of great moment. The same author's dissertation on the Master E. S. and other small masters is as welcome as it is exhaustive. G. F. Hartlaub's "Gustav Doré" differs from most of the series in being a full account of the man, his life, and his work, with admirable illustrations in half-tone in the text, together with a considerable number of full-page, unbacked plates. It would be impossible to praise too highly such a series as this or to admire too greatly the enterprise of the publishers in its undertaking.

OSSIP ZADKINE, par MAURICE RAYNAL. Crown 8vo, pp. 16 + plates 33. Sewn. (Paris: G. Crès. Rome: "Valori Plastici.") Francs 10.

Zadkine is a young Russian born at Smolensk in 1890. He came to England as a child, and after leaving Sunderland he studied in London at the Regent Street Polytechnic. In 1890 he went to Paris and worked at the Ecole des Beaux-Arts for a few months and then decided that the schools were not for him. Followed three years in the French army at the war, and in 1918 he began to exhibit again at the Autumn and Independent Salons in Paris and in Brussels, Berlin and Rome. In 1921 his work was seen at the International Society of Sculptors, Painters, and Gravers at the Grafton Galleries in London, where a great gaunt figure, dictated as to form by the log from which it was carved, attracted attention. In 1928, at Tooth's Galleries, he held a one-man show, where carved as well as modelled pieces were exhibited in various materials but with one idea as to form. His is a primitive idea, in consonance with that of the negro. His primitivism extends to the manipulation of inverted contours: one side of a figure is convex, the other concave. In this way he secures an expressionistic statement which he says is impossible in any other way. There are primitive sculptures which are as highly expressive after this fashion as they are entirely unsophisticated. But Zadkine is highly sophisticated, as becomes a Russian, with all the ardour and desire of metaphysical expression characteristic of his race. Any fear of a mistaken impulse is modified by the ardours of discovery. The clearness of the Aztec carvers and the value of the nigger work attracted him and led him to what might be called neo-realism, in the sense of securing not so much mere realistic form as seizing the vibrant quality of real life for which purpose representation of Nature's shapes is less necessary than the securing of Nature's spirit. In this way Zadkine hopes to realize a plastical work alive. His "Leda," carved in marble in 1919, carries his theories to their full length. There is very little actuality and a good deal of manipulation of planes, and the work is an adequate example of the primitive impulse towards form, as yet severely undeveloped. In the

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"Maternity" marble of the following year, however, there is an increase in naturalism; but the actually achieved forms, like that of the "Head of a Girl" at Grenoble, are not only primitive but decidedly of negroid inspiration. Zadkine is also a draughtsman, and makes drawings with



MATERNITY

From Ossip Zadkine (G. Crès, Paris)

a certain sculptural quality in pastel and other media which have decided lineal character.

Maurice Raynal's short appreciation of Zadkine's art is very much to the point, terse and illuminating.

A. MAILLOL, par MAURICE DENIS. 4to, pp. 44, illus. + portrait + 32 sculpture plates and 10 drawing plates. Sewn. (Paris: Les Editions G. Crès.) Francs 45.

The frontispiece portrait from a photograph shows Aristide Maillol in the guise of an English arts-and-craftsman, flowing beard and moustache included; a French William Morris, but less sturdy and more of a dreamer. The other portrait-photograph shows him more truly as the Roussillonais from Banyul-sur-Mer, and head and instigator of the Ceret Circle; a poet in plastic and graphic. It is illuminating to observe that in Maillol and Morris there are two men to whom dabbling in the crafts appears as important as producing great works of art. Dyeing and weaving have their appeal for both, among other crafts, while high sculpture and high poetry were their true avocations. Both are true craftsmen as the Gothic carvers were, both have transcended their craftsmanship

in their creations. This satisfying volume is authoritative. Maurice Denis, the great decorative artist, has a critical mind and pen. He has written on Gauguin and has published also two volumes named "Théories," in which he gives expression to his æsthetic principles. It is a great advantage, therefore, to have so distinguished an expert writing on Maillol, who, as he says, shares with Bourdelle the honours of contemporary French sculpture. The analysis of Maillol's genius is masterly as was to be expected. He goes straight to the essential points: how far is Maillol's art classical? Or is it Gothic? He credits his work with "plénitude de la forme": the form with a fine "sensualité." He is not afraid to refer to the "gaucherie de Maillol," and he concludes that when all is said and done Maillol is a primitive classic. After dealing with the development of Maillol's art, he sums up its later phases, when the sculptor had found himself and relied on his earlier research rather than continued it. It is difficult to say which is the better, but it is certain that the research work has an interest all its own, while the later presents to our generation an exposition of pure form which is not to be equalled by any other glyptic or plastic artist of the day. As to Maillol's graphic, well illustrated, it is the final proof that the artist's true medium is modelling, splendid as is his stone and wood carving. These drawings are of the very essence of plastic form, consistent and wholly convincing.

EDWARD WITTIG, by SZCZESNY RUTKOWSKI. *Monografie Artystyczne*. Small 8vo, pp. 20 + plates 32. Sewn. (Warszawa: Nakład Geberthnera i Wolffa) Z. 3.50.

Europe and especially Paris throughout the years of the present century have been conscious of the existence of a strong school of Polish art. Poland has painters of distinction and some half-dozen sculptors of great powers. Edward Wittig is one of the latter, and he has been acknowledged by such eminent critics as Adolf Basler and Waldemar George, and has already a little bibliography to himself. The list of his works here usefully inserted numbers seventy—many in marble, some in bronze and plaster—the earliest dating from 1898, when the artist was but nineteen years old. He was educated in art first at the Vienna Academy and then at Paris under Alexandre Charpentier and Lucien Schnegg. His work is therefore marked with the late traditional feeling which still holds the academies, but it is strong and thoughtful and is now emancipating itself from the older influences. His first important work was the "Sphinx," of 1904, now in bronze in the Luxembourg; in stone an important recumbent statue of "Eve" was marked by an advance in style more in accordance with modern feeling. Wittig is a monumentalist, as his "Pax," a marble static three-quarter figure of a woman, indicates; but more pronounced are the large groups of "The Struggle," a work with far too much action of a lurid kind, and his "Niké Polonaise," a fine dynamic group, celebrating the rebirth of Poland, of a woman and two men in bronze. The "Dying Hero" is a single emotional figure in bronze, and his "Archer," less dynamic than that of Bourdelle, is now quite well known. His most naturalistic work is "L'Automne," in bronze, a standing female nude, finely modelled, with a basket of fruit on her head. A number of good portrait busts of men and women stand to the artist's credit. Wittig has been Professor of Sculpture at the Warsaw

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NIGHT—Stone, carved direct by Aristide Maillol  
From *A. Maillol* (G. Crès, Paris)  
(See page 173)

Polytechnic and the Warsaw School of Art; he is a Chevalier of the Legion of Honour and holds the Polish Croix de Guerre. His "Eve" is now in the Trocadero Gardens in Paris, having been acquired by the Polish Government and presented to France in gratitude for the interest of that country in Poland during the war.

LOMBARDISCHE PLASTIK im letzten drittel des XV Jahrhunderts, von HEINZ LEHMANN. 8vo, pp. 88 + plates 79. Sewn. (Berlin: Frankfurter Verlags-Anstalt.) Marks 6.

Florence dominates the Italian sculpture of the fifteenth century, but in Lombardy there were two prolific schools, and with these this useful book is mainly concerned. They were the schools of Cristoforo and Antonio Mantegazza and of Giovanni Antonio Amadeo. Milan and Pavia were the centres at which the activities of these artists and their helpers were centred, and the "Certosa" is one of the greatest sculptural architectural monuments of a time of great works of this character. But at Bergamo there is another of equal interest, that of Amadeo's "Colleoni Tomb." Of the minor men, Benedetto Briosco produced notable work on the "Certosa," and Pietro da Rho was busy at Cremona. A good deal of the work of these men was exaggerated and theatrical, but it possessed the great virtue of being always architectural. These sculptors of Lombardy were architects, too, in hardly less degree. The illustrations to this useful volume, indeed, seem to suggest architecture as the mother possessed of an opulent family of sculptural daughters.

LES TRESORS DU CABINET DES ANTIQUES. Choix de Bronzes et de Terres-Cuites des Collections de Janzé et Oppermann, par JEAN BABELON. Large 8vo, pp. 40 + plates xxiv. (Paris et Bruxelles: Les Editions G. van Oest.) Francs 100.

The introduction to this useful publication deals not only with the objects from the collections concerned, but with the two collectors themselves, Le Vicomte de Janzé and Le Commandant Oppermann, Parisian and Strasburgian respectively, men of the nineteenth century. The

author is the conservator-adjoint of the Department of Medals and Antiques of the Bibliothèque Nationale, and the publication seems to be semi-official and part of a series under the same editorship. The notes on the separate bronzes and terra-cottas are ample, and the reproductions are admirable, the objects covering wide extremes of Greek and Roman dates, notices of them from the authorities who have dealt with them being quoted. In certain cases the works quoted comprise a veritable bibliography.

EIFFEL, par JEAN PRÉVOST. Pott 4to, pp. 64 + plates 60. Sewn. (Paris: Les Editions Rieder.) Francs 16.50.

In June APOLLO the album devoted to the works of the architects Perret was noticed. Now the book on Eiffel appears. This suggests not only a living interest in contemporary architecture, but attests the secure place it has now achieved. There is no doubt that architecture is the art of the century. Not only in Scandinavia, but in England and Germany fine new buildings are adding to the dignity of old cities. In the United States architecture has at last asserted the American national art. With a vital architecture to lead there is every chance for sculpture and painting and the decorative arts to follow the maternal art, and so the prospect is not without possibilities. This interesting work on Eiffel has the advantage of a name which is known all over the world, for the Eiffel Tower has seized upon the popular imagination, and whatever its fate its name will always remain. But its author's fame is secure apart from it. Gustave Eiffel was born at Dijon in 1832 and is, therefore, the pioneer of modern architectural engineering. By his works he has made a place for himself as one of the great nineteenth-century artists; he has welded science with art, which is of the essence of the art of our time. Form is the content of art, and Eiffel invented new forms and furthered the invention of still newer forms by which the architects of



EVE—Stone statue  
By Edward Wittig  
From Edward Wittig (*Naktad Geberthnera i Wolffa*, Warsaw)



## Book Reviews

today are raising their art to its highest flights. Construction is the essential in the evocation of art-form, and in no department of human ingenuity is it so essential as in bridge building. The Romans made their reputation as artists by their bridges, and a great bridge is one of the highest manifestations of genius. Gustave Eiffel made great bridges which are not only supreme feats of engineering, but they are good to look at, as is also the Eiffel Tower. Eiffel made seven great bridges, and made them of steel; he proved that steel was as slightly as stone in the Maria Pia bridge over the Douro and the Cubzac bridge over the Gironde, with its astonishing straight line. The Eiffel Tower is a glorified bridge, and its author was a great artist of whose talents and achievements Jean Prévost renders an excellent account which is substantiated by the numerous illustrations. These testify eloquently to the magnificence of the sustained effort which was demanded by each separate structure.

L'ART DÉCORATIF AU TEMPS DU ROMANTISME, par P. SCHOMMER.

LA DÉCORATION BYZANTINE, par ANDRÉ GRABAR. 8vo, pp. 44 + plates xxxii. Sewn. (Paris: Les Editions G. van Oest.) Francs 36.

These two volumes form part of the series "Architecture and the Decorative Arts," published under the direction of Louis Hauteœur, now extending to a dozen issues. There are admirably concise accounts of their respective subjects written by specialists. The plates are in photogravure, a process especially valuable in mosaic reproduction of the Byzantine craftsmen, and very good for the metalwork of the later period. It is highly interesting and, indeed, diverting to compare the illustrations of these two books. The contrast is certainly in favour of Byzantinism, for its sincerity is beyond a doubt. The honesty of the romantic period must not be attacked, but it was so cluttered up by sophistication, by reminiscence of earlier work, and by feeble imitation that artificiality was an inevitable consequence. It is simple though, while the Byzantine work was overloaded and sombre; but the difference in aim, and the difference in spirit!

AS TAPEÇARIAS DE D. JOÃO DE CASTRO, por LUIS KEIL. Folio, pp. 36 + plates 11. Sewn. (Lisboa: Centro Typografico Colonial, Largo da Abegoaria 27.)

The rich treasure of tapestry at Vienna has once more been exploited for the purpose of illustrating the memorials in woven form which were made to celebrate the achievements of João de Castro in India. He was the fourth Viceroy of the Portuguese Indies and was born in 1500 and died young in 1548, a year after the date of the tapestries. Portugal was at the height of her colonial power and proud in the possession of world-wide dominions. Affonso V had already celebrated the African victories, and it was for his successors to celebrate those in India. Albuquerque in 1510 established Goa as the depot for the Portuguese forces, which led to the more settled condition upon which João de Castro entered some years after. Brussels was at the height of her tapestry industry and was applied to by monarchs desirous of celebrating the great merits of their reigns by woven pictures. The João de Castro pictures

are all scenes of triumph. The marches of Portuguese soldiers, the convoys of Indian prisoners, scenes of the Indian countries with native animals and flora, always with the conquering soldier depicted. They are very fine pictures, and Luis Keil, the conservator of the National Museum of Ancient Art at Lisbon, has done excellently in bringing together all that is known of these fine tapestries, which are represented in ten illustrations. The well-printed brochure is a welcome addition to the literature of the art and craft of tapestry.

LUCIEN MAINSSIEUX, par CHARLES KUNSTLER. Small 8vo, pp. 12 + plates 32. Sewn. (Paris: Les Editions G. Crès.) Francs 10.

The few pages of this brochure provide an account of an artist essentially of the present time who was born at Voiron and was a delicate youth to whom music, literature, and art afforded solace. In the museum of Grenoble and Lyons he encountered the work of the great masters and was especially affected by that of Corot, Puvis de Chavannes, and Rembrandt. In 1905 he studied with Jean Paul Laurens and encountered Ségonzac and Jean Marchand. In 1910 he visited Italy and later worked in Cagnes and Tunis. The material of his work affects it and subdues it; in landscape, architecture, and figure he is at its mercy. He does not resemble any of the artists by whom he was affected, for none of them observed nature in the way in which it appeals to Mainssieux. To this extent he is original, and his portraits of Tunisian types have a touch of mastery. The little book is a welcome addition to "Les Artistes Nouveaux."

DIE ENTWICKLUNG DER MODERNEN MALEREI. Ein Wegweiser für Laien, von H. KRÖLLER-MÜLLER. Large 8vo, pp. 252. Illus. Cloth. (Leipzig: Klinkhardt and Biermann.) Marks 11.50.

This history of the development of modern painting is designed as a guide to the man in the street, and not for the man who knows. It is direct, succinct, simple, and never afraid of stating the obvious nor of repeating itself. Even its illustrations are repeated in order to emphasize a point and in the service of clarity of statement. This is not unusual in the case of woman writers and of teachers generally, especially in Germany and America, where there exists a determination that the meaning, or at least the appearance, of pictures shall be crudely if not completely digested. Here certain general principles are derived from the Renaissance masters; from El Greco, from Hans Baldung, and even from Sir Thomas Lawrence, preparatory to a less sketchy consideration of the masters of the nineteenth century—J. F. Millet, Daumier, Renoir, Fantin-Latour. Then the modernists are tackled, and by description, appreciation, and illustration are given a very good account and character. Some of them need little exposition, for they have now established themselves—van Gogh, Sisley, van Rysselberghe, Signac, Toorop, Seurat; but what the author has to say about their methods and principles is always interesting and occasionally valuable. Realism, impressionism, neo-impressionism, pointillism, and cubism are the pegs upon which the instruction hangs.



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## ART NEWS AND NOTES

By HERBERT FURST

THE "LOUTERELL PSALTER" AND THE "BEDFORD PSALTER AND HOURS,"  
FROM THE LIBRARY OF LULWORTH CASTLE, DORSET, AND BELONGING TO  
THE WELD FAMILY, NOW IN POSSESSION OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM

Two important illuminated manuscripts have just been—at least temporarily—"made safe" for the British nation owing to a remarkable act of generosity on the part of an American citizen and a rival collector of such treasures, to boot, Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan. The two manuscripts are the "Louterell Psalter" (see facing plate) and the "Bedford Psalter and Hours"—the former for many years deposited in the British Museum and well known to a wider public; the latter unknown even to students until the latter part of last year when it was brought to the late Mr. J. P. Gilson, formerly Keeper of the Department of Manuscripts in the British Museum, for identification.

The "Louterell Psalter," a beautifully decorated and illuminated manuscript on vellum, was executed in East Anglia about 1340 for Sir Geoffrey Louterell of Irnham, Co. Lincoln. Its marginal decorations have often been reproduced on account of the delightful scenes of English medieval life which they illustrate in a singularly spirited manner. The extent and variety of these scenes, in addition to the illustrations of a more or less religious character, go to make the "Louterell Psalter" one of the most lavishly and interestingly decorated manuscripts in existence. Not the least entertaining part of it, in our eyes, is the *naïveté* which expresses itself in the complete irrelevance of the marginal decorations, which have for the most part no connection whatever with the text but are full of charming conceit and touches revealing the spirit of the times. Here, for instance, we see the Castle of Love attacked by knights and defended by ladies who throw roses from the battlements; there we see St. Michael slaying the Dragon or St. Dunstan seizing the Devil with pincers. On another page we discover the Louterell Feast, illustrating not only the feast itself, but its elaborate preparations—the roasting of fowls and sucking pig, the carving and serving of meat. On other pages are illustrations of all manner of agricultural occupations and other scenes of the busily varied life of the age: a wagon with wagoners urging horses and vehicle up hill; a luxurious travelling carriage for royal ladies; a joust; an elaborate representation of bear-baiting; a boy who has left his shoes on the ground beneath the tree which he has climbed in order to steal the cherries, whilst the owner threatens him with a stick from below, and many other incidents. Practically every subject has this sense of intimacy and displays the "gusto" with which the artist has gone to work.

The date of this manuscript and the identity of its original owner are definitely fixed by a large miniature representing Sir Geoffrey Louterell in armour on a fully caparisoned horse, with his wife and his daughter-in-law attending him on foot. Above this miniature is written, as part of the general text: "Dominus Galfridus Louterell me fieri fecit."

The "Bedford Psalter and Hours," being executed for John of Lancaster, Duke of Bedford, Anjou and Alençon, brother of King Henry V, is of a later date—probably soon after 1414—and therefore more sophisticated, more consciously æsthetic in its decorations and probably, together with the "Hours of Elizabeth the Queene," in the collection of Mr. C. W. Dyson Perris, the finest English manuscript of its period. In this case the name of the illuminator is known; it occurs twice in the line fillings of the pages, once as "Herman zoure seruant," and again as "I am Herman zoure owne seruant." This "Herman" has been recognized as identical with the Herman whose name occurs in the Chichele Breviary at Lambeth Palace. The manuscript is, therefore, doubtless of English origin and proves, incidentally, that Duke John—for whom the splendid Book of Hours known as "The Bedford Missal" was executed in Paris about 1423, by French artists—was quite willing to patronize English illuminators when he could find them. Apart from the magnificently executed large initials with miniatures of a religious character, its most remarkable feature is the quantity of initials—nearly three hundred—containing small heads painted with consummate skill and manifestly portraits. Only one of these, however, has so far been identified with any degree of certainty, that of Henry IV; other tentative attributions are Richard II and Henry V. Most delightful are the heads of ecclesiastics.

For an account of the "Louterell Psalter," interested readers are referred to Mr. E. G. Millar's excellent book, "English Illuminated Manuscripts of the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Centuries," published last year, and the publications of the New Palæographical Society, Series I, plates 41 to 43, with text.

An account of the recently discovered "Bedford Psalter and Hours," prepared by the late Mr. J. P. Gilson, will shortly appear in the Series II, plates 198 to 200, of the same society.

The "Louterell" manuscript was originally put up for sale by auction at Messrs. Sotheby's, but withdrawn at the eleventh hour, so to speak, by Mrs. Alfred Noyes, who found herself the owner of this treasure. It was bought from her by the British Museum for £31,500; the other manuscript was also acquired by the Museum, but in the open market, for £33,000. So that the nation is at present indebted to Mr. Pierpont Morgan to the extent of £64,500, a sum which he has lent free of interest for one year. It is hoped that amongst the readers of the *APOLLO* will be some willing and able to contribute something to the liquidation of this debt so that Mr. Morgan's generous loan may be repaid within the year of grace and these two invaluable books may become the inalienable possession of the British nation.

Fiat manus tua super uirum dextere  
tue: et super filium hominis quem con-  
firmasti tibi.

Et non discedimus a te uiuificabis  
nos: et nomen tuum inuocabimus.

Domine deus uirtutum conuerte nos:  
et ostende faciem tuam et salui erimus.

 Exultate deo adiutori  
nostro: iubilate deo  
iacob.

Sumite psalterium et  
date tympanum: psalterium iocun-  
dum cum cythara.

Buccina te in eo menia tuba: in in





## Art News and Notes

### THE PROPOSED NEW SACRISTY FOR WESTMINSTER ABBEY

Being neither clergyman, architect, nor even worshipper in Westminster Abbey, at least not any more in it than out of it, I may perhaps claim to express an entirely unbiased opinion on the difficulty which has arisen over the sacristy which is to be added to the fabric and which has become—as the architectural correspondent of the "Observer" observes—"a controversial battle of the first magnitude, and bids fair to outdo any architectural disagreement of recent years."

My sympathies are entirely with the Dean of Westminster.

It appears that "the Dean and Chapter desired a place where they could robe themselves appropriately for the ceremonies that take place in the church." So apparently they consulted—as may be gathered from the correspondence published in the daily Press between the Dean and a body which calls itself the "Council for Protection of Westminster Abbey"—the Society of Antiquaries, the London Society, and the Royal Fine Art Commission, and having done so decided to have the sacristy added to the north side of the Abbey, and an architect was called in "to design the questionable excrescence"—in the words of the "Observer." I know little of the design proposed, or of the suitability or otherwise of the situation, but I cannot imagine that whatever be added to the Abbey by a modern architect would be much worse than the dull towers added by Sir Christopher Wren. The fabric has, in the long course of its history, been added to and altered time and again, apart from the fact that it was twice "entirely rebuilt"—acts which the Protection Council, if it had then existed, would no doubt have branded as pure vandalism.

The only relevant point is that the architecture should remain in keeping with the times, not the times in keeping with the architecture. The preservation as historical monuments of buildings that have served their purpose is one thing—it has, perhaps, a sentimental value for the limited public interested in history or art—but Westminster Abbey has not yet reached its decline. If the Dean and Chapter are the persons responsible for the proper function of the edifice, and if they were to decide that it must once more be "entirely rebuilt," they have the same justification as Edward the Confessor or King Henry III; and if the Dean contends that "the value of a church is more in its internal functions than in its external appearance," he is absolutely right—however much others, I amongst them, might regret the destruction of external beauty on æsthetic grounds. However, if there is one quality that Westminster Abbey does not possess in a conspicuous degree it is æsthetical unity, either external or internal—think of the internal "excrescences" of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, but which are as much or more part and parcel of the "living" Abbey as the threatened "Islip window," which, however, the Dean explains, is not threatened. So why all this pother?

### COMMON SENSE ABOUT THE HAIG STATUE

Perhaps it is the result of the silly season rather than genuine concern for the well-being of art that has caused so many daily papers—even so serious and dignified an "organ" as "The Times"—to open its columns to a seemingly endless discussion of the supposed demerits of Mr. Hardiman's sketch-model of the Haig statue.

The impression left on the mind of the impartial but fairly instructed reader, after perusal of the voluminous correspondence, must be one of regret that the majority seem unable to grasp the nature of the problem they are attacking.

In such circumstances it may not be irrelevant to discuss the problem in general rather than a particular sculptor's solution.

The problem was to design a monument for Lord Haig. It sounds so simple as to be hardly worth stating. There was the individual; there still are plenty of photographs "to go by." All that was necessary, so it seemed—at all events to a good many of the correspondents, judging by their letters—was to find a sculptor with sufficient skill to make an image of the subject, guided by photographic and other documents.

I have not seen the terms of reference under which the sculptors were invited to submit their designs, and, in any case, we are here discussing matters in the abstract.

The first point to realize, then, is that even supposing a satisfactory result were obtainable on the basis of photographic material, even strengthened as this might be by personal acquaintance with the subject, even if the artist could have modelled his figure "from the life"—even then the initial difficulty would not be overcome.

Few people—judging from the comments they made in the Press—seem to have noticed the fact that Lord Haig was not only a human but also a public being. It is not the Lord Haig who ate and drank and slept, wore a dressing-gown or possibly "plus-fours" like others; it is the Commander-in-Chief of the British Army in the Great War that the artist is tasked to commemorate. The monument must not only resemble Haig; it must also look like a Commander-in-Chief.

As Field-Marshal and Commander-in-Chief, however, he neither led a cavalry charge nor fought in the trenches. He sat, he stood, he rode in motor-cars, he also sometimes sat a horse. The self-appointed critics in the Press were aware of this. One, for instance, suggests that "a full-length statue, the way he sometimes stood by the roadside in France, watching his men march up to Ypres, Arras, and the Somme, would be much more acceptable . . ." Another writes: "Surely, if nature . . . is to be followed, Lord Haig's memorial should show him seated, not in a saddle, but in a chair, for it was from the latter, rather than from the former, that the services to the nation were rendered of which posterity is to be reminded by his statue." A third one thinks "Field-Marshal Earl Haig, as he appeared riding in the Peace March Procession, would be infinitely preferable . . ." etc. etc. The most obliging artist, wishing to give the public what it wants and willing to copy nature as faithfully as Mme. Tussaud, would still not know whether Lord Haig should be "copied" sitting, standing, or on horseback, and if on horseback whether "as we saw him when he rode among us in France" or as in the "Peace March Procession"—incidentally, and judging from photographs, the Field-Marshal rode very different horses on these two occasions. The most obliging artist would, therefore, have to make some choice of his own; but in any case he could only, under such conditions, have represented to the eyes of posterity a man in a cavalry uniform of the period, with the, from a distance, hardly distinguishable features of Lord Haig, "this gallant Scottish gentleman," "the typical English cavalry officer riding a clean-bred charger," as other

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critics wrote. But that was surely not at all the thing that the artists were asked to represent. What was expected of them, in the words of General Smith-Dorrien, was "a monument to Earl Haig, the man who led the Empire forces to victory in the Great War." They must, therefore, obviously strive to make the Commander-in-Chief look commanding, look "every inch a soldier." Apparently, however, Mr. Hardiman is blamed for having done precisely that.

Mr. Hardiman has produced "Blood and Iron sitting on a semi-Epstein cart-horse," shouts one. "It might well represent a conception of a 'blood and iron' Hindenburg," another; and an evening paper heads a screaming leader "Haig or Bismarck?" and maintains "the spirit it represents is that of the Prussianism which Haig defeated," from which the simple might infer that the victory was won by lactic kindness, and that tanks and blood had nothing to do with it.

So here are some of the terms the artist was expected to satisfy. Haig must be represented seated, standing, and on horseback; he must look like a "typical cavalry officer riding a clean-bred charger" at the front or in the Peace March Procession, and "leading the Empire forces to victory," but he must not suggest "blood and iron."

What none of these critics seems to be aware of is that what they have in their minds is not a man but an idea; what they wish to see represented is their own idea; what they demand, on the other hand, is a meticulous representation of irrelevant "accuracies." One critic complained: "Lord Haig's field boots are too short. The shoulder strap of the Sam Browne belt is too narrow, and is being worn over the wrong shoulder. As a matter of fact, Lord Haig never wore a shoulder strap. The saddle wallets are far too small . . ."; and lots more in this vein.

Here, then, is the point: a monument made of bronze and stone which is inherently static can never accurately imitate a man made of flesh and blood, wearing trappings of cloth and leather, and who is inherently mobile. It is the stillness of Mme. Tussaud's most meticulous accuracies which make her figures look more dead than Egyptian granite.

It is the function of art not to imitate facts but to express ideas. The more forceful the expression, the greater the art.

In the case of Lord Haig's statue there are two ideas which seem to have fought for ascendancy in the public mind—one, the most popular, of an English gentleman, the "father" of his army; the other of the Commander-in-Chief, the Field-Marshal, "the man who led the Empire forces to victory in the Great War."

The two ideas are incompatible.

Faced with this dilemma the committee responsible for the selection of the design evidently sought a solution by deciding for the compromise which Mr. Hardiman's admirable attempt to achieve the impossible suggests.

The crux of the matter is the fundamental duality of the whole scheme.

Lord Haig might certainly be commemorated as the gentleman he was; but what is wanted is a memorial that shall symbolize the "Head" of the British fighting forces in the sense in which the Artillery Memorial at Hyde Park Corner so admirably symbolizes the "Body," and that memorial should include Lord Haig *amongst others*.

### EXHIBITION OF WATERCOLOURS AND SKETCHES BY H. B. BRABAZON, AND OF ETCHINGS BY ADRIAEN VAN OSTADE, AT THE FINE ART SOCIETY'S GALLERIES

It is a relief to find that the exhibition of Brabazon's watercolours and sketches is not of the kind with which we have, since the artist's death, become only too familiar. The late Mr. Brabazon was a wealthy amateur whose work was, during his lifetime, practically unknown. His strength was the extreme sensitiveness of his colour-sense and the subtlety of his tone values, which made him an excellent "short-hand interpreter," not only of the transient effects of Nature but also of the more permanent effects of Old Masters, notably of Velazquez. As he flourished when "impressionism" was at its height, it is almost inevitable that all his watercolours are impressionistic. When it is further remembered that he was an amateur who painted exclusively for his own enjoyment and not for exhibition, it will be realized that both factors made it more than likely that his *œuvre* would be extremely extensive and include hundreds of paintings that were mere notes, and not all of them necessarily successful ones. But "Brabazon" became a name to conjure with, and hundreds of notes have come into the market that are hardly worth looking at.

In such circumstances this exhibition really comes as a relief. All the pictures, even the slightest ones, are carefully selected, and many of them are carried farther than usual with him. The "Hillside with Buildings and Trees" is almost Corot-esque, whilst the "Monte Carlo" looks almost classical. In the "Cap Martin" the lovely variations of grey are a pure delight. "Crossing the Desert" has a remarkably luminous sky. Amongst the many other beautiful sketches "Grenoble" and "Street in Tunis" may be singled out for special praise, and the (apparently Neapolitan) "Figure Subject" shows Brabazon in an unusual mood.

Adriaen van Ostade, famous and popular as a painter, is much less well known as an etcher, for which reason this exhibition is particularly welcome. Ostade's name in connection with his prints has somewhat suffered from the fact that he did not destroy his plates and that they therefore were subsequently "finished," in more senses than the obvious one, by other hands. Fine prints by him, or rather prints in the best states, are comparatively rare. He was, however, both extraordinarily skilful and original in his technique, dependent, though it appears to be, on Rembrandt in its arrangement of light and luminous shade. Another quality which distinguishes his plates is his cleverness in design, as, for instance, in the "Spinning Women," the "Slaughter," the "Knife Grinder," the apparently early and almost Düreresque "Paying the Bill," and especially in "The Family." Compared, however, with Rembrandt on the one hand and with Bega on the other he lacks depth of feeling and æsthetic integrity; he is inclined, as it were, to play up to the gallery, or maybe down to the sentimental pit.

### PEGGY SOMERVILLE AT THE CLARIDGE GALLERY

Another child wonder—Peggy Somerville—who has reached the ripe age of eleven and paints like an old man of seventy—old man Corot to wit. I make no attempt to explain this phenomenon. The boldness of her brush work is astounding. She does not tackle form with the conscientiousness of her rather older rival Joan Manning

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Sanders, and I should therefore be very much surprised if her future will keep what her present promises. Joan, it seems to me, knows and has always more or less known what she is or was doing. I do not believe that Peggy Somerville knows it. Her only chance is, or so it seems to me, that the curiosity to find out may never assail her; if ever it does she will probably find that she must begin all over again, and that will be difficult. Meanwhile, there it is: a collection of landscapes and still-life that looks as if it were the fruit of an old painter's holiday. Amazing!

### THE SUMMER SALON AT THE REDFERN GALLERY

Nobody likes to be publicly branded as a person of slender means; but they do exist, and even wealthy people like to acquire bargains. In such circumstances I would recommend the public whom it may concern to inspect the Redfern Gallery's Summer Exhibition. The recommendation sounds a little like a "puff," but I can assure my readers it is nothing of the kind; the proprietors of the gallery have really brought together an interesting collection of modern pictures, the most expensive of which are by no means necessarily amongst the best. Moreover, there is a variety of outlook calculated to satisfy all manner of expectations, from Vere Temple's naturalistic and well-modelled charcoal drawing of "A Rabbit," to Mr. Flight's well-conceived but abstract design of a crowd in a "Tube" called "The Unnatural Life." The pictures, being mostly of a convenient ordinary room size, the exhibition includes too many for detailed notice, but the following list of the names and titles of some of the best will give some idea of its quality. I find worth noting especially Edward Wadsworth's "The Sail Shop" (5), Stephen Bone's "Ullapool" (6), R. O. Dunlop's "Girl in Blue" (12), T. Leman Hare's "Poppies" (17), R. V. Pitchforth's "Still-life" (19), Beatrice Bland's "The Orchard" (22), Cedric Morris's "Cormorants" (24)—an exceedingly good piece, Edward Wolfe's "Chrysanthemums" (25), Charles Gerrard's "Still-life" (26), S. M. Mackinnon's "Old London Houses" (30), Irene Wyatt's "Still-life" (31), John Nash's "Near Nailsworth" (35), Tom Nash's "Joshua and the Seven Kings" (37), Paul Nash's "Sea Wall, Dymchurch" (78), Basil Tayler's "Phantasy" (82), J. R. McCulloch's "Village Lane" (83), and Jules Chadel's "Head of Christ" (90), and others even. Nor should Lucien Pissarro's "Stamford Brook Green Under Snow" (34), or Ethel Walker's several contributions, notably the "Three Graces" (76), be overlooked.

### RECENT ACQUISITIONS OF THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY

There are fundamental distinctions to be made, in the case of the National Portrait Gallery, between the interest of the pictures as portraits and the value of the portraits

as works of art. The two do not necessarily coincide. This fact is once more clearly demonstrated in the case of the new acquisitions to this gallery and which are now on view. The outstanding acquisition here, however, is an exception to the rule: it is not, perhaps, of great importance in the biographical sense, being a portrait of Charles Reade, best remembered by his play "The Lyons Mail," and his novel "The Cloister and the Hearth"; it is of even less importance as a work of art, being palpably the work of an amateur, the author's nephew, whose name is not even remembered. In spite of these two disqualifications, it is a delightful picture of the mid-Victorian era, with gum tree and antimacassar all complete. The conscientious way in which an inventory of all objects present to the artist's eye, down to the white "pom" and the sleeping cat, is given is a sheer delight and furnishes an entertaining indictment of the "taste" of the era.

A somewhat similar *genre* of painting of the Late Victorian era is given by the portrait group of the literary partnership of Sir Walter Besant and James Rice. Here, however, the painting is more expert and the effect worse. Next in biographical interest is a *grisaille* of Gladstone, reclining and reading on a couch—it is as faithful as a photograph, only better. The painter is Sidney P. Hall, by whose hand are a large number of pencil sketches made for the "Graphic" during the sittings of the Parnell Commission in 1888–89 and presented by the artist's son. The series include, apart from the persons more immediately concerned with the affair, viz. Parnell himself, Captain O'Shea, Sir Charles Russell, Sir George Lewis, John Morley, Richard Pigott, and many others; also interesting sketches of spectators such as Beerbohm Tree (hardly recognizable, though), Toole, Leighton, and an admirable one of Oscar Wilde. Other acquisitions include Elizabeth Duchess of Devonshire, by a hardly-known painter, J. W. Chandler, whose style is between Reynolds and Lawrence; "Kitty Fisher," boldly labelled as a "celebrated courtesan," by Nathaniel Hone, but hardly doing justice to

her part; a whimsical-looking Thomas Coram of Foundling Hospital fame, attributed to Allan Ramsay, quite probably correctly; a rather dull but good likeness of Asquith, by André Cluysenaer; two good sketches in oil by P. A. de László—one of the late Lord Lansdowne, the other less finished but more spirited of Haldane. Amongst other portraits recently acquired are Sir Edmund Gosse by William Rothenstein; a simple little watercolour drawing of Richard Tattersall, "Founder of Tattersall's" and "noted for his honesty as a dealer"; a rather uninteresting painting of Mrs. Pankhurst, and a capital medallion by Frank Bowcher of Sir Joseph Hooker, O.M., Director of Kew Gardens, and a friend and associate of Darwin's; also a bronze statuette by Henry Poole of Captain Albert Ball, V.C., "the most celebrated airman of the war."



LIFE-SIZE STATUE CARVED IN WOOD

By Edna Manley

In the Summer Exhibition of the Goupil Gallery



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A VILLAGE CHURCH By Teng-h-Chiu, A.R.B.A.  
*In the collection of Ernest Duveen, Esq.*

### TOYS, CUT-OUTS, DRAWINGS, ETC., BY THE FIVE ARTS STUDIO, AT THE TWENTY-ONE GALLERY.

The toys in this exhibition have one great point in their favour: they do "stand up"—a quality which goes a long way to recommend them. Apart from this general quality, they fall into two categories: the religious and historical on the one side, the profane and topical on the other. Their authors, the Misses M. Cepes and B. Hodgkinson, seem to me to have made a mistake in putting too much "finish" into their religious and historical characters, and thus appear to deal with them in an untoylike spirit. Their Henry VIII, for instance, and Queen Elizabeth are recognizable likenesses, carried out with considerable detail. They might serve as figures in "tableaux," just as the "cribs" and saints, but they have little originality. On the other hand, the gaitered and "umbrellaed" Bishop, their Dancing Niggers and Marching Bobbies are good fun; and their little sets of Navvies, with hut, brazier and barrows, their Rodeo Cowboys, Broncos and Steers, Coach and Four, their Fruit Barrow and Costers, and so forth are really original and amusing.

### TENG-H-CHIU

The capacity of the Eastern mind in art has something of an awe-inspiring effect on Western peoples. When a young Chinese is found living and painting in England, as to the manner born, we may take his achievement for granted and wonder why he thinks it all worth while. It seems that the art of his own land might have sufficed. To him it may seem otherwise, since he sees factors we do not see—factors which make it worth while to overcome the handicaps of speech and outlook and penetrate the West, because of the East, and of Eastern ideals.

Mr. Chiu was a Royal Academy School student and various prizes attested his powers there. Since 1925 he has exhibited at most of the important exhibitions, and whether he elects to remain Western in his output or to return to his

own land, his future seems assured. The Western art of the traditional landscapist has appealed to Mr. Chiu, rather than modernistic experiment. It remains to be seen how he will develop from this basis; but youth which can cross a world and wrest success from natives at the far end of that world seems likely to go far in either hemisphere. J. W. S.

### EXHIBITION OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY IN VENICE

The eighteenth-century exhibition at Venice, mentioned in the August number of *APOLLO*, was opened officially in July by the Duke of Bergamo, representing the King of Italy, with a brilliant procession by water to the Public Gardens, where an important section of the exhibition is located in the pavilions of the Biennial Art Exhibitions. The exhibition is under the patronage of the Prince of Piedmont and of the Prince of Hesse, both lovers of the art and furniture of the *Settecento* in Italy; and, in fact, the "Sala Sabauda," contributed by H.M. the King of Italy, from the Quirinal and other Royal Palaces, contains, besides paintings and bronzes, and tapestries from Naples, a set of some fourteen carved pieces of furniture by the Piedmontese Piffetti, in the richly ornate character of the period.

The Palazzo Zenobio recalls that age of fine music in a collection of instruments of the period, and the Ridotto very appropriately shows snuff-boxes, "objets d'art," and the illustrated visiting cards of the time; while a superb decorative canvas by Gianbattista Tiepolo has been brought from the famous Villa Valmarana, near Vicenza, and from Berlin the same master's "Rinaldo and Armida."

There is plenty to occupy the attention of lovers of eighteenth-century Venice, and to spend a busy and pleasant week. With this view, the Italian State Railways inform me today that they are offering 30 per cent. reduction on fares to Venice from July 21 to October 5, and 50 per cent. from October 6 to 10. It seems, however, that these tickets are available for only ten days with two permissible breaks; and one feels that a somewhat longer period would have attracted many visitors who are not so pressed for time. S. B.



A SUSSEX VILLAGE By Teng-h-Chiu, A.R.B.A.  
*In the collection of Ernest Duveen, Esq.*